Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, May 1, 1893.

Gen. Harrison must smile when he reads of democrats claiming credit for the administration for its financial policy, or if it has the public has not been taken into its confidence. In using a part of the gold reserve fund to redeem Treasury notes it has but followed the policy laid down by President Harrison and Secretary Foster, and while it deserves credit for having been sensible enough to have followed the republican plan of dealing with the gold problem it should not be credited with having originated that policy. In fact it has as yet originated no policyton any subject, nnless the sending of Mr. Blount to Hawaii to lower the American flag can be dignified by the name of policy.

Ex-Secretary Rusk was a voluntary witness on Saturday in the investigation of the Weather Bureau. He was questioned in regard to several appointments made by him, and stated that he considered them good and proper appointments and would make them again if he were Secretary. And as one of the ladies he appointed for temporary duty has since received a regular appointment from Sec. Morton it looks as though "Uncle Jerry" was talking sense, as he usually does. None of the sensations promised have been brought out by this investigation, which is daily becoming more farcical.

The democratic Commissioner of Pensions goes on duty this week, and much interest is felt in his actions, All sorts of rumors are current about his intentions, but as his acts will soon begin to speak for themselves I shall wait before criticising. Judge Lochren is so highly spoken of by those familiar with him during and since the War that it seems only fair to do this.

Only a very few office-seekers remained in Washington after the departure of the President and his cabinet—they probably found it cheaper to put in the time waiting for the return of the administration elsewhere—but there were some very mad men among those who did stay, because of the fact that five of the government departments were left in charge of republicans while hungry democrats howled for the places of these very republicans. However, the republicans leff in charge of those departments did not attempt to revolutionize the government or to put any of the department buildings on wheels and take them away, but that some of them did enjoy the crazy antics and language of the kicking office seekers, who made exhibition of themselves and their disappointments in public places, your correspondent happens to know by personal knowledge.

Much has been said by democrats about the attempts of the republican assistants of the heads of the departments to retain their offices under a democratic administration that has no foundation whatever. As a matter of fact, about the first official documents that were brought to the attention of the members of the cabinet after they assumed office were the resignations of their republican assistants, many of whom have made business arrangements which make their remaining in office an inconvenience to them. There may be one or two of these men who are trying to keep their resignations accept as the democratic office seekers are to get appointments, but they cannot, without being discousteous, demand that their resignations be immediately accepted, and that is why they are waiting as patiently as they can the pleasure of the heads of the departments.

Political converts have been since there were political parties more zealous than the old party war-horses, and Secretary Gresham has proven that he is no exception to the rule. He has made more changes in the important positions in the State Department than have been made in any other department, and what makes this all the more striking is that it has been an unwritten rule of that department since it was established that no changes should take place on account of a change in the head of the department, with the exception of the two or three men whose relations with the Secretary are of a confidential nature, and that unwritten rule has been observed by all of the Secretaries except Gresham. He, although not yet two months in office, has left only one important place unchanged—third assistant secretary—and the reason for that exception probably lies in his inability to find a democrat possessing the peculiar qualifications needed to perform the duties of Mr. Adee, the present third assistant.

Comptroller of Currency Eckels has taken charge of his office. He good naturedly confesses that he knows nothing about banking which is the principal business with which his office has to deal, but says he intends that all of his sub-ordinates shall be banking experts. He doesn't explain how he will select them without knowing anything about the business himself.

WORTH ALL ITS COST.

That is a very hard lesson which we have been trying to learn in our Sunday-school from the life of Job. It is one which we all need to learn "by heart" and which yet nobody really wants to learn; because it seems at the time to be as unprofitable as it is unpleasant.

We can seldom see just how the particular form of suffering which we are called to endure is going to do us much good. And we do often see quite clearly how it hinders us from doing much of the good work we would like to do.

But the Bible is full of encouragement for those who suffer, teaching us that the patience which can only be acquired through suffering is an essential element of that Divine Nature of which God wishes to make us partakers in order that we may be fitted for fellowship with Him in the great work of doing good.

It is easy to believe in a general way that suffering is necessary to the development of the finer qualities of the nature, but when it touches us personally we are distressed; and if the trial of our faith is very severe or lasts long we are apt to get discouraged, and perhaps rebellious.

We are naturally impatient. Like Peter of old, we want to do something worth doing. We thirst for the joy af achievement, of vickory gained over obstacles. But God is more anxious that we should be, that we should do. He knows that if we will only allow Him to make us all that He wants us to be, there will in the end be no lack of achievement on our part; though our achievements may not be such as we would have wished. So, when in the dark hour of suffering and disappointment we feel like giving up, the Saviour comes to us as He came to Peter in the garden saying, "Simon, sleepest *thou?* Couldst not *thou* watch one hour?" Thou that wast ready to die for Me, canst thou not suffer with Me for one hour?

Oh for the faith that will enable us in the hour of darkness and trial to place our hands in that of our Father and say, Lord anywhere with Thee!

Oh for the spiritual eye that will unable us to see One walking with us in the fiery furnace, even when it is heated "seven times more than it is wont to be heated," and to percieve that the form of this companion in affliction is "like the form of the Son of God!" Oh for a vivid consciousness of the fact that no stroke of the chastening rod can fall on us without wounding the heart of our Elder Brother; that we are dear to Him as the very apple of His eye!

"Saul, Saul!" He called from heaven, "why persecutest thou Me?" It is not these poor sheep of Mine that thou are persecuting, but Me. I live in them and they in Me.

"Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." God wounds only to heal; He afflicts only to bless.

We are rather fond of boasting of ourselves as a progressive people, who lead the world in the right direction, but we will have to bestir ourselves if we do not want to be left far behind in the matter of temperance reform. When an English cabinet minister goes so far as to ask Parliament if the licensed gin-shops and the misery and degradation which they create are things which they as legislators can contemplate with equanimity there is reform in the air. It is evident that the time cannot be far distant when the great middle class of conservative old England will take up the gauntlet thrown down by the liquor traffic and make prohibition the rallying cry of a new political crusade. Indeed, the fact that Mr. Gladstone, who understands the English people better than any other living man, has undertaken to push through Parliament a local-option bill, in addition to the other important measures which he has on hand, seems to indicate that he looks upon prohibition as the coming issue, after those which were practically decided by his victory at the polls at the last general election shall have been settled.

An exchange says: If you want your local newspaper to boom the town and county you should encourage said newspaper by dropping a nickle in the slot now and then to help purchase ink and paper. Besides, the devil is to pay every Saturday night, and it takes money to buy bread. Don't cuss your local paper because it does not constantly blow about your town, boom real estate and yell itself hoarse for your interest, then send to the city for your printing because you think you can save a few cents; don't do it. It is right and proper for a newspaper to fight the battles of its own county but the citizens should supply it with the sinews of war.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW.

New York, April 29, 1893.

The gold question still continues to be the main factor affecting Wall Street interests. President Cleveland's firm declaration that the payment of all Government obligations in gold shall be maintained under any circumstances had an assuring effect. It at least set at rest one serious uncertainty, and that had the tonic result of bracing up the Stock Market and checking the atacks of the "bears," which were becoming daily more vigorous.

At the moment, the preponderant disposition is to rest and wait. There are so many matters affecting the situation and the early future that cannot at present be estimated, that both sides on the market hesitate about committing themselves to large transactions. A hesitating market is always a dull one; and, if the uncertainty becomes protracted, it may easily become a yielding one.

The intrinsic features of railroad securities are decidedly favorable to holding, though hardly to be considered as warranting free buying under the prevailing demoralization. The "Industrials" are still suffering from the distrust arising from the unnatural condition upon which they rest and which must stand against their acceptance as investments. Within the present month, a new element has appeared, unfavorable to speculative buying. A certain dullness almost amounting to depression has come over the merchandise markets. Partly, it has arisen from the late excessive importations of foreign goods; partly, from the prospective tariff legislation having made distributers disinclined to carry larger stocks than are absolutely necessary; partly, from a falling off in the interior demand for goods; and partly from the growing stringency in the loan market having compelled some contraction of credit operations. Any important change in this condition of things is hardly to be the new scale of duties. Until that point is reached, manufacturers and merchants can only be expected to run their business upon the hand-to-mouth principle; and relief from thissort of obstruction may hardly be hoped for meanwhile.

The reconstructions and consolidation going on in certain important groups of railroads may soon enlarge speculative operations.

The crop prospects are as yet too undeveloped to constitute a factor influence. And yet, a little later, very much must depend upon that feature in the sitnation. Should the prospects as to gain favor another good crop either at home or abroad, the holders of the present immense visible supply would be likely to throw their wheat, and through that a large relief from the heavy exports of gold might come. On the other hand, with prospects of light crops, our large exportable surplus would probably continue to be tenaciously clung to, and the exports of gold would be correspondingly augmented. The same line of reasoning applies to the cotton trade.

The gold situation remains viritually unchanged since our last advices. There has been some abatement in the amount of specie going out, but requirments for export may still continue for some time longer, although on a diminished scale, and little real relief can be expected until the speculative blockade in the exports of produce is broken. The efforts to find relief through some sort of arrangement between the Treasury and the banks have thus far developed nothing practical. The relation between the banks and the Government is becoming better understood, and the conviction gains ground that there is no cause for alarm. The Government, if fairly dealt with by the banks, will have no difficulty in maintaining its reserves and paying all its demand obligations in gold. To borrowing gold by the issue of bonds there is the objection that it needlessly establishes a very undesirable precedent. To an exchange of bank gold for Treasury legal tenders, there should be no serious objection; it simply makes the Treasury the disburser of the banks' gold for export, instead of they themselves performing the operation. It seems as though the banks can hardly afford to allow the demoralizing admission to go out before the world that they or the Government are unable to meet any drain of gold to which they are likely to be subject; and the conviction is gaining ground that neither can they afford to persist in a course which shows them ready to drain the Treasury stock proper whenever it may suit a temporary purpose. Public opinion has become very sensitive about the steady drain upon the Treasury reserve which the banks have been indirectly enforcing, and signs indicate that this policy may be soon tempered, if not abandoned. If the banks will let the importers of gold have all the gold they want, daylight will then dawn upon the situation.

Henry Clews.

The Illinois Legislature is likely to pass a bill now before it repealing the law fixing $5000 as the limit to which a railroad can be held in damage for killing a person. This restriction has been the law for forty years in that State, but the great number of deaths and fatal injuries on the railroads, and the fact that money will not buy so much to-day in Illinois as it would forty years ago, has led to an agitation for a new law on the subject. The bill now pending leaves the question of damages to a jury, a method that seems fairer than a rigid limit in all cases. If it becomes a law the railroads may find it to their profit to elevate their tracks in Chicago, where the deaths from grade crossings average nearly one a day. A heavy assessment for each one of these killings would soon amount to enough to pay for abolishing all grade crossings in that city. When the people become wise enough they will abrogate all such troubles and others as great by placing all railroads in the hands of the government.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN BELLEFONTE.

Last week Tuesday evening, about half past ten o'clock, as L. Moore, the rag man was on his way home to Coleville, when near the residence of Homer Crissman, on Thomas street, he was met by two Hungarians who attacked him and threw him to the ground. They then searched him, took what money he had and a loaf of bread that he had purchased and was taking home, then left in a hurry. Mr. Moore returned to town, hunted up the police and told his story saying that they took his bread and about seventeen dollars in money. The police went with him to Squire Foster, a warrant was sworn out for the arrest of the thieves, and policemen Montgomery and Garis started for their men, accompanied by several young men eager to be in at the arrest. The men were easily found and locked up. They claimed that they did not get any money although they admitted that they knocked Mr. Moore down and took the loaf of bread. An example should be made of these men, if the evidence against them is clear as to their guilt, so that this kind of lawlessness may be checked at once.

RESOLUTIONS BY BENNER GRANGE

At a recent meeting of Benner Grange the following resolutions were adopted.

Whereas, It has pleased the Great Master of the universe to call from our midst our esteemed brother, John Fogleman,

Resolved, That in his death our Grange has lost a true, upright member and his family a beloved husband and father.

Resolved, That in this sudden call we recognize the will of our Heavenly Father who can see the end from the beginning and doeth all things well and while we would bow in submission to His divine will we would not forget to cherish the memory of our departed brother.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for sixty days, a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, a like copy to be sent to the editors of two county papers.

Mrs. M. E. Seibert,
J. P. Seibert,
Wm. Tressler. } Com.

A JERSEY SHORE WOMAN MISSING.

The Williamsport Sun says: Kate Sabastian, a colored woman, of Jersey Shore, aged about 50 years, is missing, and her absence is causing considerable talk. She is very poor, having been cared for by the poor officers for several months. She has at times been subject to attacks of insanity. On Wednesday last, while temporarily insane, it is supposed, she wandered away, and has not been heard of since. It is generally thought that she has drowned himself.

—Ground has been broken for the new addition to the already mammoth building of Platt, Barber & Co., wholesale grocers and confectioners. The success of this enterprising firm has been phenomenal, and the fact that they are again obliged to enlarge their place of business is evidence of increasing prosperity. The gentlemen comprising the firm are hustlers and deserving of the prosperity that has attended them.—*Philipsburg Journal.*

—Israel Sternberg, who left Bellefonte several years ago and who has for most of that time been located at Lowell, Mass. has lately taken for a wife one of the fair daughters of Lowell a member of the Roman Catholic church. Israel is a jew by birth and education but we do not think he has gone far wrong in taking a christian lady for a life companion. We wish them success.

—Post Master James A. Fiedler, of Bellefonte, walked down street last Sunday and while talking to a friend had another of his dizzy spells and fell to the pavement. He was assisted home and it was some time before he was able to be about again. We are glad to say, however, that he is now about apparently as well as usual.

—Wait for Tony Farrell next Thursday evening. He will be here in all his glory.

A WORD FOR THE BLACKS.

Honesty and Manliness Has Its Dignity. Despite the Skin's Color

Baltimore, Rev. C. N. Grandison, president of Bennett Seminary, Greensboro S. C., said to the Baltimore African Methodist Conference in response for the speech "While I am not a member of the African Church I am not far removed from Africa. My grandfather was a native African, and we still know our tribal relation. I am descended from the great tribe of Mandingoes. The idea prevails that we don't respect one another, that a black man will not respect a black man's authority. I am glad the African Methodist Episcopal Church exists to show that this is untrue, even if it does nothing else. After all, it is the dignity of manhood that wins respect."

"I want the African Methodist Episcopal Church to stay here and demonstrate to the world the negro's capacity for self-government. I want the negroes in the Methodist Episcopal Church to stay there and hammer at the door of the House of Bishops until the Church gives us our rights or the door is battered down. You may believe that one or the other will happen, for you can't educate a man and give him a grasp on the higher things of life, yet expect him to retain a subordinate position. Manhood never tends downward. God made it to ascend and the doors must open or come down."

PHILIPSBURG'S SUSPENDED BANK PAYS ALL ITS CREDITORS IN FULL.

The Philipsburg *Ledger* says that we are authorized to announce that William P. Duncan, assignee of the Philipsburg Banking company, will pay 25 per cent, which is the final dividend, making 100 cents on the dollar, to the creditors of the said bank. at the First National bank of Philipsburg, on and after May 3, 1893. We cannot express the satisfaction it gives us to make this announcement. We are glad not only for the sake of the creditors of the bank, but we are glad because it redeems the credit of the town, as well as the credit and good name of the cashier, Mr. O. Perry Jones, who comes out of the affair with clean hands and spotless name. We are also proud of the ability displayed by the assignee, Mr. William P. Duncan. When it is remembered that Mr. Duncan was the president of a rival bank, his conduct of the affairs of the suspended bank, and the efforts he has made to secure the creditors their money in full, is all the more remarkable and praise worthy, and entitles him to the respect and esteem of the community. Very few suspended banks ever paid dollar for dollar, or anything like it. People do not expect it, and we are proud that Philipsburg's suspended bank has wiped out its entire indebedness, thanks to the honesty of its cashier and the able financial ability of its assignee.

William Walker, of Bellefonte, was arrested last Tuesday morning by Policeman Garris in the act of taking in out lines, which he had placed in the dam at Jacksons mill the night before contrary to law. He had six out lines, and on one of them were two large trout. He was taken before squire Samuel Foster and held in the sum of three hundred dollars for his appearance at the next term of court. Mr. Walker plead ignorance saying that he did not know that style of fishing was contrary to law. This young man is one of the professional fisherman of the town, who perfers to make fishing a business instead of following trade or labor other than that of fishing. He has for a long time been suspected of being lawless in his methods and it is said has expressed himself more than once as being determined to fish law or no law. He will no doubt find sympathizers who will plead for him that he fished for a living which of course can not be denied.

—Robert Miller, our popular overseer of the poor, went a short time ago with his wife to New York to see the great naval review of the war ships of all nations. He was much pleased with the sights he saw. He stopped on his way home at Philadelphia and Atlantic city. He returned to Bellefonte last Tuesday.

—The Womans Foreign Missionary Society will meet in the Presbyterian Chapel tomorrow (Friday) evening at half past seven o'clock.. It is desired that all the members should be present as business of importance will come before the meeting.

—An army of laborers and carts began work on the Philipsburg and Altoona railroad at Steiners on Monday. The road will be a connection of the Beech Creek. The contractor is a man named Tennis from Watsontown.

—Go see the "Arabian Nights" next Tuesday evening.

ANOTHER ANTIQUE LOCOMOTIVE.

The first railroad train ever run in America was sent to the World's Fair on Monday from New York. It consisted of the old locomotive, the DeWitt Clinton and two antiquated carriages.

The DeWitt Clinton was built at the West Point foundry, at the foot of Beach street, New York city, in 1813. She was mounted on four wheels, 4 ft. 6 in. in diameter, there were two cylinders 5½ in. in diameter by 16 in. stroke; the weight of the engine was about 6 tons, and the boiler had 30 copper tubes 2½ in. in diameter

This engine was run on trial trips on the Mohawk and Hudson railroad at various times from July 2, 1813, until August 9, when the first regular excursion trip was made. On this occasion the following gentlemen rode in the coaches; Erastus Corning, Mr. Lansing, ex-Governor Yates, J. J. Boyd, Thurlow Weed, Mr Vant Zant "Billy" Winne, penny Postman; John Townsend, Major Meigs, "Old" Hays, high constable of New York; Mr. Dudley, Joseph Alexander, of the Commercial bank; Lewis Benedict and J. J. DeGraft. The engineer was David Mathews and the conductor was John T. Clark, who mounted a small seat attached to the rear of the tender and gave the signal for starting by blowing a tin horn. The fuel used on this trip was dry pitch pine, coal having been previously tried, but did not work satisfactorily.

As there was no spark arrester on the stack, the smoke and sparks poured back on the passengers in such a volume that they raised their umbrellas as shields. The covers were soon burned of these, and each man whipped his neighbor's clothes to put out the fire started by the hot cinders.

When a stop was made at the water station an attempt was made to remedy the disagreeable jerks resulting from the slack between the coaches by wending a rail from a neighboring fence between each car, and tying it fast by packing yarn. This plain succeeded, and the train arrived at the incline plane at Schenectady without accident. After the party had partaken of refreshments in Schenectady they returned to Albany, and thus completed the regular trip of a locomotive and train in New York state.

SIX YEARS IN THE PENITENTIARY FOR ASSAULTING A WOMAN.

John Donavey, the proprietor of a sporting house at 914 Vine street, Philadelphia, was yesterday convicted before Judge Gordon, in the Quarter Sessions, of assault and battery on Jennie Ford, one of the inmates, with intent to kill. It appeared that, without any provocation whatever, Donavey knocked the young girl down with an iron bar and beat and kicked her. Her face was bruised, her eyes blackened and her clothes torn. She reached the street in a dazed condition, where she was found by a police officer and taken to the station house for treatment.

Donavey is known as a bad man. He has been arrested for assault and battery on police officers on his beat and for maltreating women in his house. He kept a speak-easy, and compelled Harriet Dever, the woman with whom he was living, to stand behind the bar and sell drinks. He treated the woman most brutally. Every time he got mad at her he would jab his finger in her eyes and try to gouge them out. The place was a nuisance to the neighborhood, and in November last Donavey was sentenced to three months for keeping a disorderly house.

In sentencing the prisoner, Judge Gordon said: "Probably the cruelest man is one who betrays a virtuous girl from the paths of rectitude and then abandons her. The next in enormity, and only slightly removed, is the person who profits by the downfall of women, and treats them as slaves and then cruelly abuses them. That is an offense unaccompanied by temptation, and is simply the result of the most depraved brutality.

LOOK OUT FOR SWINDLERS.

According to what some of our exchanges state the localities in which they are published are swarming with swindlers in all the lines of petty knavery, false pretense, etc. The trouble is that these knaves perpetrate their crimes in isolated localities, where there is no constable near to arrest them. The difficulty in these matters is that people do not heed the warning of their newspapers, which never tire in keeping these swindlers in their true light, so that every newspaper reader should be able at a glance to recognize a rogue the moment he enters his premises.—*Philipsburg Journal.*

SUDDEN DEATH OF GEO. RODGERS.

Just as we go to press we learn of the sudden death of George Rodgers. The dispatch says he dropped dead in the streets of Altoona, heart disease is said to have been the cause.

—The column of democratic aspirants for county offices grows longer day by day.

I.

A cloudless June sky above, a chilly California mountain road, and a young tenderfoot from Ohio, mounted on a stout broncho, with an outfit consisting of a roll of blankets and a six-shooter.

Fired with visions of suddenly acquired wealth, I had a few weeks before started for California, sorely against the wishes of my parents and advice of my friends,

I was riding slowly up the long mountain grade, headed for the gravel mines of the North Fork of the Yuba, and calculated to make the Mountain House by dark, when I was overtaken by a horseman, who rode up beside me with a genial "How are you, stranger?"

He was a fine-looking man of about 30, with a blonde beard, and the handsome horse he bestrode was somewhat jaded. We rode on together up the grade, and fell into conversation. He inquired where I was from, and where I was bound for, both of which questions I answered frankly. He told me that he was a mine-owner over on the Middle Fork; that he had just made a business trip down the ridge, and was in a hurry to get back, and added that I had better come on with him and he would give me a job. I gratefully accepted his offer, and when we stopped to water about half way up the grade he asked me to carry a small pair of saddlebags, as his horse was pretty well beat out.

I complied cheerfully, as my beast was comparatively fresh. The bags were heavy, and he remarked as he handed them over that they contained the coin from his last clean up. With a due appreciation of the importance of the trust, I felt for my six-shooter, and we pushed on up the grade. Arrived at the top he took a cross road, remarking that he guessed we could make old man Brown's by night.

I found him a pleasant, entertaining fellow, and, being no doubt conceited, imagined that he found me the same. It was nearly dark when we rode up to a low, rambling old building, which he designated as "old man Brown's," and added that it was rather a hard place, but any port in a storm was welcome.

As we rode up to the porch a slender girl of about 14, with big brown eyes and a shock of red curls, came running round the corner of the house. She looked as wild as a deer, and my first thought was, "What a beauty she will make some day!" I raised my sombrero and asked if we could get accommodations for the night.

"Dunno; I'll ask dad," she said, shortly, and darted into the house through the bar-room.

A moment later a portly old man in list slippers made his appearance, rubbing his hands and smiling benignly. "How are you, boys? Want to stop? All right. Here, Jess, call Joe to take the horses."

I had just dismounted and started to remove the saddlebags, when a glance at my traveling companion checked me. He was gazing back down the road and listening intently. I saw a grayish pallor overspread his face. The next moment he struck spurs into his horse and without a word galloped up the road in the opposite direction.

Surprised and alarmed, I sprang into the saddle, and as the sound of horses approaching at a rapid rate came to my ears I started up the road after my companion. My first thought was that highwaymen were on our track.

Glancing back, I saw a number of horsemen riding furiously down upon me. I heard loud oaths and orders to halt. Without heeding them I spurred on and drew my six-shooter, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. The next moment a volley rang out and my horse stumbled and fell.

Before I could rise I was surrounded by the roughest-looking crowd of men it has even been my misfortune to encounter. Cries of "Kill him!" "Shoot him!" "Hang him!" were heard, and a dozen hands seized me in no gentle grasp. My horse lay dead. One of the men thrust his hand into the saddlebags and pulled out a sack of coin.

"Here you are, boys! Here's the swag! Hang the blanked thief!" he shouted.

"Let's take him over to Brown's and hear what he's got to say," said a tall man who seemed to be leader.

This proposition met with general disfavor, especially from one officious man, who took a rawhide lariat from his saddle, and leading the way to a spreading oak tree that stood near, exclaimed: "Here's a good limb! Fetch him along, boys!"

But the tall man demurred, and had his way. "If he can't give an account of himself we'll make short work of him."

I attempted to explain, but a pistol was held at my head, with the peremptory command to shut up; so I shut. My arms were then bound with the lariat. I was marched back to Brown's and placed in one corner of the bar-room.

The girl Jess stood in the door looking at me curiously, and I thought rather pityingly. My trial then began. It was brief and to the point. The stage had been robbed the day before, the express messenger killed, and several thousand dollars stolen. The robbers, supposed to be two in number, had escaped, and these men had organized a party to hunt them down. Had tracked them thus far and succeeded in capturing me, with part of the stolen money in my possession. Brown testified to our riding up a few minutes before they came and asking leave to stop over night, and added with a sinister glance at his dear boy that they had "let the worst one get away."

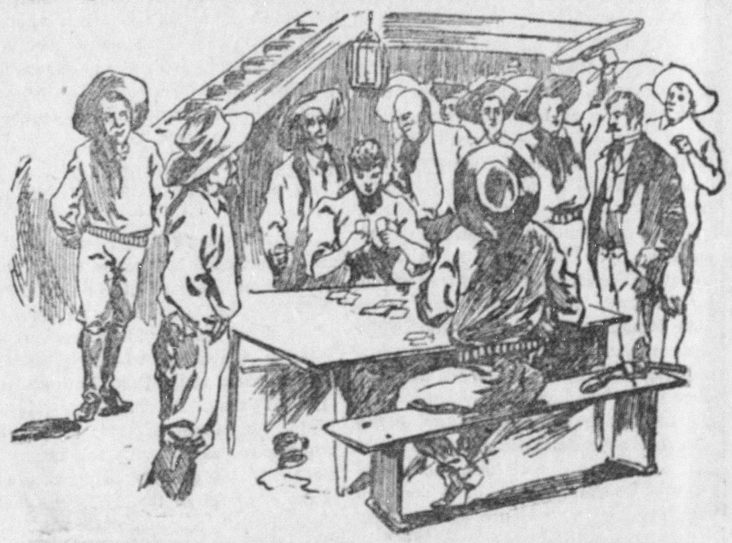
They then demanded to know what I had to say, and I told my story in as straightforward a manner as possible. It was listened to incredulously by most of them, but among a few I thought I saw looks that encouraged me, and I wound up with an appeal for life which I felt must touch them.

I was doomed to bitter disappointment when the lank man who had been so officiously anxious to hang me at once arose, and, after expectorating, remarked with a harsh laugh: "Young feller, you can't come it over us that-a-way. Come on, boys. Let's string him up."

Several rose and with oaths loud and deep seconded the motion. My blood ran cold as I realized my imminent peril. These rough miners, who certainly had strong circumstantial evidence against me, felt perfectly justified in hanging me to the nearest tree. What could I do? I gazed from one to the other like a hunted animal.

"Surely you would not hang a man on such evidence as this," I cried. "If you will untie me I can show you letters that will prove who I am."

The tall man, whom they called Jos, stepped up and untied me. I drew out



"GET THE ROPE READY."

a letter from my mother which I had received while in San Francisco. It contained a card photograph of my pretty sister Alice, which fell to the floor as I drew out the letter. Joe picked it up.

"It is my sister's picture," I cried. "Here: read the letter, any of you. It will prove that I am an honest man."

Joe was gazing earnestly at the picture. "Tell you what, boys, this here's a little beauty." In my heart I blessed her pretty face and only wished her there to plead for me in person.

The picture was passed around, and hope sprang up in my heart, when the old Missourian, who seemed thirsting for my gore, dashed it down again by exclaiming: "How do ye know but what he stole that letter and picture from some one on the stage, or out of the mail bag? It's all bosh! Let's hang him and done with it!"

Joe took the photo and glanced from it to me. "Now, look'ee here, Mizzo, seems to me yer a-gittin' cold-blooded in yer old age. Anybody with half an eye can see that this gal looks like him."

I thanked God for the resemblance, which was slight, and began to hope again. The girl Jess crowded in among the men and asked to see the picture. Joe handed it to her, jocosely remarking that he'd marry her when she got to be as handsome as that.

She quietly replied, "Shut your mouth," and gazed intently on the picture. "I'll bet that's his sister," she said presently.

"I'm inclined to think so myself," said Joe. "I think we'd better wait, boys, and take him down to the bar."

At this there was a dissenting murmur, which grew so strong that my courage failed again. Suddenly Joe turned to the crowd and cried:

"Tell ye what, boys, let's lay it on to luck. I'll play him a straight game of freeze-out. If he loses he's our meat. What do ye say?"

The idea seemed to tickle the fancy of the crowd. They evidently had confidence in Joe's ability to play poker. Unfortunately for me, it was a game of which I knew nothing, and I told them so.

The girl Jess was standing beside Joe. "Let me play for him," she said eagerly. "Luck's always with me."

"Yes, let her play," cried the men, evidently amused at the novelty of the thing, and also sure that Joe's superior skill would win. "Let Jess play for him. Can you stake her, young feller?"

I looked at the girl curiously. Her big dark eyes were glittering with excitement, but she was cool and self-possessed. Taking out my purse, which contained my wealth, about $100, I handed it to her.

The cards were produced, and in a few moments she and Joe were seated opposite each other, and the game began.

It was a weird scene, and I had the odd feeling that I was simply a spectator, and in no way concerned. I remember wishing for sketching materials that I might transfer it to canvas. What a picture it would make! The low-ceiled, uninviting room; the smoky lamps shedding a flickering light upon the eager group round the table. I could see the face of the young girl, and knew that in all probability my life hung upon her "luck."

She played in silence except to indicate how many cards she wanted at the draw. It was an even game for a while; then Joe began to win, and her pile of coin gradually diminished. She played coolly on, despite the comments of the crowd. She was down to her last dollar when the tide turned in her favor. She won steadily, raking in the coin each time, till Joe was nearly broke. He began to bet cautiously, having evidently no desire to be beaten by a girl.

I watched her face closely for some sign of excitement, but none was visible. She was thoroughly self-possessed, and the fact that she held my life in her hands had no outward effect upon her. Luck turned in Joe's favor again, and they were soon about even. The crowd grew impatient. "What ye afraid of, Joe? Where's yer nerve? Why don't yer bet?" and like expressions were heard, while others encouraged the girl. "Old Man Brown" came around and patted her on the shoulder, remarking that "Jess always did have the dog-on-dest luck."

They made it a jack pot, and it was Joe's deal. Jess opened it for ten dollars and discarded two. Joe also discarded two, and after a draw gave a short laugh and raised her ten. She glanced at her coin in an uncertain way, then at her hand. She had three dollars less than he. The excitement was intense. For a moment, only the heavy breathing could be heard. Then Jess laughed a little and pushed her last dollar into the pot.

Old "Mizzoo" broke into a discordant laugh. "Jess don't bluff worth a damn," he cried.

Joe calmly pushed in the rest of his money.

"It'll be make or break this time," he said, glancing over at me. "Sorry fer ye, young feller. Boys, git yer rope. What ye got, Jess?"

She quietly laid down four nines and the jack of hearts. He held three aces and a pair of eights. He struck the table a blow that made the money jingle. "Good girl! Luck's on your side. I'd 'a staked my last cent on that hand, but fours are too much fer me. Come on, boys. Let's irrigate."

He led the way to the bar, followed by a crowd, now seemingly in the best of humors. Jess calmly raked in the pot, put the money in my purse, and handed it to me, remarking laconically, "Here; you'd better take this and git."

"I don't want it all," I exclaimed. "Only what I put in."

"Keep it all. It's yours. They've killed your horse," and before I could say anything more she left the room.

My first impulse was to put as much distance as possible between myself and the crowd, but on second thoughts I reflected that there was no other house within several miles, that I knew nothing of the country, and if I started out on foot I was liable to be run down by another gang of robber-hunters. I therefore put on a bold front and asked Brown to give me a lodging for the night.

He picked up a guttering candle, called Jess, and told her to show me to the "corral." This was a big loft over the bar-room, in which were a dozen or more uninviting looking beds. She placed the candle on a box beside one of these and was about to leave the room, when I detained her.

"Miss Jessie, I have not yet thanked you for what you have done for me to-night. Is there nothing I can do to show my gratitude?"

She laughed in an embarrassed manner. "Why, it wasn't anything. I like to play; I'd 'a' done it for anybody."

"I'm sure of that; but is there nothing I can do for you?"

She hesitated a moment. "Would you mind giving me that picture?"

"What! My sister's? No, indeed; you can have it and welcome. She is one of the sweetest girls on earth, and would only be too glad to do what she could for any one who is kind to me."

She took it and thanked me. "I thought I'd like to look at it. I'm much obliged. Good-night."

I did not see her about the house next morning. All the participants in the wished-for necktie party of the night before had vanished. I saw nothing of the saddle-bags, so concluded they had taken them. I inquired for Miss Jessie, and was told that she had gone off early to drive up some cattle on the "divide." The Chinese cook provided me with a scanty breakfast, and when the stage came by I mounted it with a feeling of inexpressible relief. Half an hour later, as we rounded a curve in the road we came face to face with Jess. She was mounted on a vicious-looking black mustang, and galloped rapidly past, her bright curls streaming in the wind. I had only time to raise my hat in response to a smile of recognition, when she passed, as I then thought, out of my life forever.

I had been in the mines but a short time when I received the sad news of my father's death, accompanied by an urgent request from my mother that I return home at once and take charge of his business affairs. This was incumbent upon me, as I was an only son. So within three months of the time of my arrival in California I was again at home, my gold-hunting fever slightly abated, but still hoping to return to the Pacific coast; but circumstances combined to prevent it.

Alice welcomed me with open arms. She was intensely interested with my California experience, and wished very much to write to Jessie and thank her for liberating me from my dangerous situation; but as I did not know her address, she had to abandon the idea. She died the second year after I returned, leaving only my mother and myself. As she was averse to leaving the old home, I remained there until her death, some twelve years later. Then finding life intolerably monotonous, I arranged my business, in which I had been successful, so that I could leave for an indefinite time.

II.

I felt a strong desire to revisit the scenes of my early California experience, and in due time found myself at —— City. I decided to make the mountain trip on horseback as of yore, so hired a good horse, and one bright June morning started again over the almost forgotten mountain grades.

About two o'clock I overtook a heavily laden wagon, drawn by six powerful horses. The sun's rays were uncomfortably warm, the road was dusty. Just ahead was the watering trough, where the stranger overtook me so long ago.

The driver of the team was a stalwart six-footer. He wore a blonde beard and a slouch hat, and walked beside the wheelers. He had a blacksnake whip looped about his shoulders, and every now and then spoke encouragingly to the straining animals. As we reached the trough I drew rein beside him. He eased the horses back from a heavy pull, and answered my salutation pleasantly. Something in the man's face struck me as familiar.

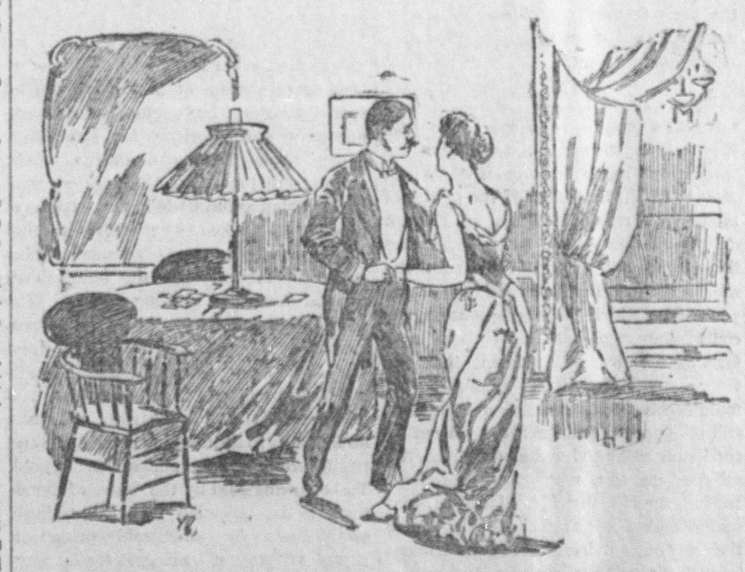
He watered his team, then produced a flask, and invited me to "smile" with him. I returned the compliment with a cigar, and we entered into conversation. I inquired if he knew what had become of the old man Brown, who kept a stopping-place over on the divide years ago.

He looked at me keenly a moment. "Oh, yes. The old buzzard kicked the bucket some time ago. Struck a good mine and couldn't stand prosperity. What's become of the girl? Blanked if I know. Took her down to 'Frisco and put her to school. Seems to me I did hear she married Tom Stewart, Brown's old partner, but he's gone up the flume too, I hear. Old place is gone to rack; nobody lives there now. Good stopping-place about a mile the other side though. Stan' up, Bell!"

I rode on ahead, no longer puzzled as to where I had met the stalwart driver, for memory straightway carried me back to my acquaintance of fourteen years before, who had so unceremoniously deserted me that memorable night at old man Brown's. He had changed but little, while I, who was but a boy then, was now bearded and bronzed, and had no fear of being recognized.

I rode on, musing on the ups and downs of life, and presently reached the cross road. I found the old hostelry a heap of ruins, the roof having been crushed in some previous winter by the weight of snow.

After drifting aimlessly round among the mining towns of the Sierras for some weeks, I went to San Francisco. One day while strolling on the beach by the Cliff House, I came face to face with a beautiful woman who both interested and puzzled me. She was tall and well formed, with fine brown eyes, and a heavy coil of dark auburn hair. She was dressed in black, plainly but with much distinction, and had every indication of wealth and refinement. She was accompanied by an elderly woman whom I heard her address as "auntie." I managed to pass and repass them several times, and fancied the brown eyes glanced at me rather interestedly.



won!

Without being obtrusive, I kept them in sight, and returned to the city on the same train. I secured a seat just behind them, and devoted myself to studying her every detail of dress and manner. Arrived at the depot, they entered a cab, and were driven away, and I returned to the hotel, more interested than I cared to confess. For years I had been so devoted to my mother, and to business, that no thought of marriage had seriously entered my mind. Now I suddenly realized that gray hairs were creeping among the black, and if I ever intended to marry it was high time I gave the matter my attention. How much the thought of a pair of brown eyes had to do with this resolution I cannot say.

A week passed without my seeing her again, though I haunted the principal thoroughfares by day and the theaters by night. I was beginning to despair, when in strolling through the conservatory at Golden Gate Park one day, I again met her, accompanied by the same elderly lady. They were examining some rare orchids. When her eyes met mine, I distinctly saw a pink flush steal over her lovely face, and fancied I saw a smile in the brown eyes, but she bent over a flower, and I passed on, mentally cursing my luck at my inability to obtain an introduction.

They soon went out and took a shady seat in the park. I sat down as near as possible without being obtrusive, and taking out a paper, pretended to read. In reality, I watched her over the top. Presently they arose, and I saw with a thrill of delight, that my divinity had left her portmonnaie on the seat. Instantly a spirit of covetousness took possession of me. I must have that purse at all hazards. I immediately appropriated it, and dreading lest I should be seen, strolled into another part of the park, feeling delightfully guilty. Arrived at a place free from observation, I examined my treasure. It contained a twenty-dollar gold piece, some silver, and a few cards and memoranda. On one of the cards was written a name and address, "Jessie E. Stewart, No. 231 —— street."

I felt elated. I had heard her companion address her as Jessie that day in the conservatory. I determined to wait till the next day, call at the address, and return the property.

In the next morning's paper I saw an advertisement of the lost purse, with a request that the finder would return it to the same address as that on the card and receive reward.

I wondered if I should receive the reward I so much desired—an acquaintance with her—and determined to return it that morning.

About ten o'clock I rang the bell of a pretty cottage in the prettiest residence portion of the city. A neat servant maid answered my ring. I asked for the lady who had advertised a lost purse. "Ah, yes," said she. "Step into the library. She will be down in a moment."

She ushered me into a lovely little room and ran upstairs, leaving me staring stupidly at a life-sized portrait of my sister Alice, which hung on the opposite wall. In an instant it all flashed across me. The resemblance to some one I had met puzzled me no longer. I saw as in a dream the low-ceiled room in the old house in the Sierras, the rough faces of the miners, the eager eyes of the young girl, as she sat there playing for my life.

As I gazed at the picture a light step sounded behind me, and turning, I stood before the woman I had been following for weeks, to find in her the heroine of my early California experience.

She laughed musically and held out her hand. "Ah, Mr. Elliot, I see you recognize me through your sister's portrait. Now, my memory is far better than yours, for I remembered you the day I saw you at the Cliff House. Have I, then, changed so very much since that night? Let me see, it was fourteen years ago, was it not?"

I seized both her hands in an impulsive clasp. Though I remembered her as

A thin slip of a girl like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,

I had no idea she would develop into such a beautiful woman.

"Changed? Yes. You have changed very much; but it is strange I did not recognize you. I ought to have done so."

"There is nothing strange about it. I have changed very much—for the better, I hope. I have had a strange story. Sit down and let me tell it to you."

I did so most willingly, and she went on:

"In the first place I am not old man Brown's daughter. I know nothing of my parents except that both died of yellow fever in New Orleans, when I was a baby. They built that house and I was brought up there, with no 'advantages' except to lay up an abundant supply of health. I was as wild as a hawk, and almost as fierce, I think.

"When I was ten years old, Mother Brown died. After that I ran completely wild. Father was always good to me, but always let me have my own way to a shocking extent. However, I can say this much—though thrown with a rough crowd, I was always treated with the utmost respect. I sometimes think they were a trifle afraid of my ungovernable temper—don't be alarmed; it has been under control for years now.

"The year after you were there, Father Brown had the luck to strike rich gravel in land that he owned. He took in a partner, Mr. Stewart, and at once brought me down here and put me to school. I became very much attached to one of my teachers, Miss Ross. She is the one with whom you have seen me.

"Father Brown died the year after I was put to school, leaving me in the care of his partner, Mr. Stewart. When I was old enough to leave school I had no home, so Mr. Stewart kindly got me out of the difficulty by marrying me.

"He was very kind to me, and I missed him greatly when he died. I induced Miss Ross to make her home with me, and she has been with me ever since. I have often thought I should meet you again. The picture you gave me has been a great comfort to me. When I grew restless and discouraged at school I always fancied her sweet eyes looked at me reproachfully, and when I had won an unusually hard battle with myself, I seemed to read commendation in them."

My heart was almost too full for utterance. Sweet little Alice! How glad she would have been to know that her pictured face had been so precious to a struggling sister. I told her gently of Alice's death, shortly after my return home, and how anxious she had been to write to her.

Mrs. Stewart was much affected, and to give her time to recover, I related the principal events that had taken place with me since I last saw her. When I finally left it was with a promise to call the next evening.

Of course, I did so, and found her more charming than ever. Before long it seemed that I only lived from one time of seeing her until the next. I was wildly, hopelessly in love, and though she was kindness itself to me, there was always an indescribable something in her manner that checked the words I would have liked to utter.

When away from her I cursed myself for a fool, and braced up with all the rusty old saws about faint hearts and fair ladies, but when again in her presence the fear of what a refusal might mean tied my tongue.

One night I escorted them to the opera. When we returned it was late, but Jessie, as I always called her to myself, insisted that I should come in. She had been unusually full of spirits that evening, and her gay laughter and sallies of wit had completely enthralled me. Miss Ross said good-night and discreetly left us at the library door.

I had a "now-or-never" feeling, that caused a peculiar sensation to perambulate up and down my spine. I thought the darkness of the room would be a favorable opportunity, but before I could take the slightest advantage of the situation she turned a flood of gaslight upon the scene, and gave me a tantalizing look that was too much for even my cowardice, and the next moment I had her in my arms, urging my suit with all my ardor.

But she was obdurate. She broke away from my detaining clasp, and, tossing her wrap upon a chair, cried gleefully: "So you say you love me. Very well, we will let fate decide it. I won you once, fair and square—now see if you can win me. We will play a straight game, just as we did that night long ago, only you shall take Joe's place. If you win, I am yours. If not, I remain single."

She produced a pack of cards and box of chips, seated herself at a small table, and motioned me to the opposite seat. There was nothing for it but to obey. She divided the chips, and, at a motion from me, dealt. I had long since mastered the intricacies of "freeze out," and, though seldom a lucky player, I resolved to play as never man played before, for who ever played for such a stake!

I had an odd feeling that she would keep her word, and abide by the decision of the cards. We played in silence for a while, she getting the best of the game. I began to bet recklessly in hopes of retrieving my waning fortune, but luck was steadily against me.

I fancied I saw a disconcerted look in her eyes when she saw my pile reduced to five. I took heart at this and began to win. We were soon nearly even, when an idea took possession of me. On the next deal, I drew but one card. She took three, and the betting began. I went slowly at first, but with a confident air that deceived her. I raised her till she had but three chips left. I calmly pushed in three. She hesitated a moment, then threw down the cards. "Take it!" she said. I quietly gathered in the chips, putting my bob-tailed flush out of sight, and saw, as I gathered up the cards, that she had jacks and trays.

With such odds in my favor I began to be very hopeful. I dealt; each drew two. She quietly laid down her last chip, and I, with throbbing heart, called her.

She had three queens and a pair of eights. I threw down four trays, and caught her in my arms, claiming her love as my reward.

She assented with happiness in her eyes, but to this day I have never told her what a bluff I played.

How to Put on Gloves.

The length of time a pair of kid gloves will wear depends very much upon the way they are put on, especially the first time. Never put on a pair of new gloves in a hurry; take plenty of time and keep cool. It is of great importance that the hand should remain dry and cool and be perfectly clean. It is well to dust it with a little plain rice powder to this end. Work the fingers well down before you put in the thumb, work the thumb in slowly, and then the rest of the hand; begin at the second button and ascend, then return to the first button, which will now fasten easily without breaking or stretching the buttonhole.

Your hand will frequently be moist with perspiration when about to remove the gloves; in this case, pull them off wrong side out, so that the moisture can evaporate. When quite dry, turn the fingers and smooth the gloves into shape, laying them in a box or other receptacle long enough to receive them, except in the case of evening gloves, which may be folded half way up the arm. Another way to make gloves last is to buy them large enough. A glove that is too tight presses the hand out of shape, makes it red, and is always in bad taste. Bracelets should no more be worn over gloves than should rings.—Jenn Mullen.

The physician should be a good linguist. He studies many tongues.

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IS IT ANY WONDER EMIGRANTS DO NOT SETTLE IN THE BARBAROUS SOUTH?

"Mob law still reigns supreme in Barnwell county," are the words with which the Charleston, S. C., News and Courier began its account of the lynching of a negro at Denmark, in that county, last Monday night. As pooof that its words were true, it could point to the lifeless form of a negro hanging from the limb of a tree, to which he had been hung by a mob that riddled his body with bullets to make sure that its work was well done.

On the 14th of April an attempt was made by a negro to commit a felonious assault on a white girl in Denmark, Barnwell County. The event caused much anger and excitemant among the people in the neighborhood, and a search was begun at once for the criminal. One suspected colored man after another was arrested but all were able to prove an alibi, or were pronounced guiltless by the victim of the assault, until the nineteenth prisoner was reached. There was some evidence against him that appeared to be conclusive, and the mob, eager for his blood, was ready to hang him on "general principles." The scene at that moment is well pictured by the Charleston News and Courier, and it is an instructive sight for a well-ordered community to look upon. Here it is:—

"The sentiments of this party were voiced by a hard featured, horny-handed old farmer. He was raw-boned and stooped forward to rest his crossed arms upon the muzzle of an old long-jointed, smooth-bore rifle. His face was clean-shaven, except for a long chin-whisker, like that which is supposed to adorn the face of Uncle Sam, which he furtively curled from time to time with one bony hand. While a leader of one party of the crowd, he spoke little—in fact he made but one remark. Straightening himself to his full height, and nervously twisting the ends of his beard, he said: "Gentlemen, Barnwell's reputation is at stake, and by——somebody has got to die."

It was agreed, however, that it would not hurt the reputation of Barnwell County to keep the prisoner secure while four white men were summoned from a distance to testify in the negro's favor. By hard riding they reached Denmark a few minutes before the time set for the lynching, and their evidence was so direct and positive as to his innocence that he was allowed to go free. But the mob's vengeance had to be glutted, and another negro was fixed upon as the criminal. As soon as this negro knew that he was suspected, he went before the Governor of the State, surrendered himself and declared his innocence and his willingness to be taken before the girl for identification. He went and the girl declared positively that he was not the man. Things were becoming desperate. The mob wanted "blood, bright blood," as the Columbia Journal says. Take another scene from the Charleston News and Courier:—

"The mob was at fever heat, and to make matters worse, the father came up, and, breaking completely down, sobbed that the girl should never recognize the man.

"Then J. D. McClellan ran up to the carriage, which had just arrived, and cried: 'Somebody has to die!'

"Senator Mayfield begged everybody to be calm and wait. Then McClellan cried: 'We will take this evidence and kill this man. The man that says this is J. D. McClellan, and I do not care who knows it!'

The next scene is when a poor wretch, condemned to die on "general principals," to sate the bloodthirstiness of a mob, is dragged to his place of execution. Does a Northern audience want to see a South Carolina lynching? Here is the substance of the account of the last scene, as told by the Columbia Journal:—

"The mob hurried with Peterson up the track of the South Carolina road. 'Bring him on, boys, we are nearly there,' said the gray-haired father of three young daughters, quickening his pace, and as he spoke, his aged hand flashed in the moonlight a cold, gleaming revolver. 'Halt,' sternly commanded the old leader with gray locks. The fateful place had been reached. A circle was quickly formed about the leader and the accused, who stood face to face. 'You had better pray,' came the stern command, and as the negro dropped on his knees to offer his last prayer to that greatest of all Judges, two men clamored up a sappling and bent it to the ground. The rope was rapidly adjusted over Peterson's neck, while yet the darkey prayed. There is a falling back. The tree is turned loose. With a groan of terror and despair trembling on his lips, the negro swung into the air, and his soul was launched into eternity. The men drew up in line, and, drawing their pistols, fired volley after volley at the dangling form. Barnwell has been avenged. Guilty or innocent, a man has died!"

Who is guilty of this crime? The least guilty is the angry mob, whose passions were wrought to a pitch of desperation. More guilty than the mob is that Northern sentiment that has acquisced in robbing the negro of his political rights, and so helped to support a civilization that sanctions lynching. But more guilty than all is the Governor of South Carolina. Of his course in this matter the Columbia State says:—

"B. R. Tillman, Governor of South Carolina, stand up before the jury of the people of your State and country, and answer to the charge of delivering a helpless and innocent prisoner, who had surrendered himself to you as to the highest official representative of law and order and justice, to the mad fury of a mob, which thirsted for a victim, and thereby deliberately, wilfully and against all warning, causing him to be murdered. We indict you for this crime in the name of humanity, in the name of consistency, in the name of justice!"

With such scenes as this enacted in the South is it any wonder that settlers avoid so barbarous a country.

When Governor Fishback, of Arkansas, prepares another manifesto, asserting that the misrepresentations of Republican politicians are the reasons why immigrants do not go South, it is to be hoped he will include this South Carolina lynching as one of the proofs of his statement.

Preventing Future Misery.

If there is, in this vale of tears, a more prolific source of misery than the rheumatic twinge, we have yet to hear of it. People are born with a tendency to rheumatism, just as they are with one to consumption or to scrofula. Slight causes may develop this. As soon as the agonizing complaint manifests itself, recourse should be had to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which checks its further inroads and banishes the rheumatism poison from the system. This statement tallies exactly with the testimony of physicians who have employed this fine blood depurent in their private practice. There is also the amplest professional and general testimony as to the efficacy of the Bitters for malaria, liver complaint, constipation, indigestion, kidney trouble, nervousness and loss of appetite and flesh. After a wetting, whether followed by a cold or not, the Bitters is useful as a preventive of the initial attack of rheumatism.

THE Ohio Republicans by naming June 7 as the date for holding their State Convention have issued a long and vigorous campaign. Governor McKinley will undoubtedly be renominated, and the canvass will be made strictly on the economic principles he represents. It will probably be more important than any other State campaign the country has seen since 1875, when the battle for a sound currency was waged and won in Ohio. There are no divisions among the Ohio Republicans this year, no breaches to be healed or quarrels to be made up, and the whole aggressive strength of the party can be brought to bear against the enemy. They will be at one disadvantage only. The McKinley law is still in force and the injury its repeal may bring will not be realized by the people. It will be a great and significant campaign, nevertheless. Governor McKinley is eager to begin it and contest with any champion the Democracy may put in the field.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Ripans Tabules: see advertisement.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is a positive cure for all those painful Ailments of Women.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the *Change of Life*. Every time it will cure

Backache.

It has cured more cases of Leucorrhœa than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That

Bearing-down Feeling

causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water. It removes

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also

Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles.

The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book entitled "Guide to Health," by Mrs. Pinkham. It contains over 90 pages of most important information, which every woman, married or single, should know about herself. Send 2 two-cent stamps for it. For

Kidney Complaints

and Backache of *either sex* the Vegetable Compound is unequaled.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25c., cure Biliousness, Constipation, and Torpid Liver. By mail, or of druggists.

All druggists sell the Vegetable Compound, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. *Correspondence freely answered.* You can address in strictest confidence,

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

HENRY R. WALCOTT, of Colorado, does not belong to the free silver party. "I do not believe," he said, "in trying to force the issue. It is no use for this county to undertake to change our currency without the co-operation of foreign powers and the sooner we let the Europeans know this the better it will be for us."

WHOOPING COUGH.

Humphreys' Specific No. 20 may be considered as absolutely infallible for the cure of whooping Cough. It allays the irritation, moderated the Cough and so cures the disease.

New Pastor—"Did you hear your father say how he liked my sermon yesterday?"

Little Johnny—"He said it was too short."

"Well, I declare."

"Yes, sir. Pop hates to get waked up out of a sound sleep."—Good News.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

Although the Scriptures tell us that all flesh is grass, some people know so much more than the Scriptures that they feel justified in calling themselves daisies,—Buffalo Courier.

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.

You have noticed that some houses always seem to need repainting; they look dingy, rusted, faded. Others always look bright, clean, fresh. The owner of the first "economizes" with "cheap" mixed paints, etc.; the second paints with

Strictly Pure White Lead

The first spends three times as much for paint in five years, and his buildings never look as well.

Almost everybody knows that good paint can only be had by using strictly pure White Lead. The difficulty is lack of care in selecting it. The following brands are strictly pure White Lead, "Old Dutch" process; they are standard and well known—established by the test of years:

"Armstrong & McKelvy"
"Beymer-Bauman" "Fahnestock"
"Davis-Chambers"

For any color (other than white) tint the Strictly Pure White Lead with National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, and you will have the best paint that it is possible to put on a building.

For sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
1 Broadway, New York.
Pittsburgh Branch,
National Lead and Oil Co. of Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HUMPHREYS'

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequaled.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is Infallible.

For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

THE PILE OINTMENT

includes the great temperance drink

Hires' Root Beer

It gives New Life to the Old Folks, Pleasure to the Parents, Health to the Children.

Good for All—Good All the Time.

A 25 cent package makes Five gallons. Be sure and get Hires.'

SALESMEN WANTED TO SELL NURSERY STOCK. We grow all the best varieties, old and new, replace all stock that dies, and guarantee satisfaction. Highest salary or commission paid from the start. Write for terms. H. E. HOOKER CO., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y. Established 1835. Incorporated 1883 24-14-4t

A Scranton, Pa., Man says:

1850 "DR. O. P. BROWN'S" 1893

PRECIOUS HERBAL OINTMENT | Cured Me in less than a week | OF ITCHING PILES.

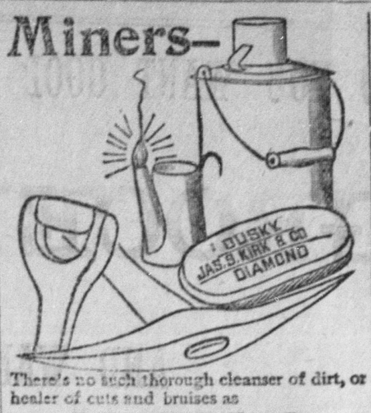
It is worth $5 per pot to any sufferer.

Henry Coles, 1717 Summit Ave., Scranton, Pa Dec. 20, '92. 25 and 50c. Druggists or by mail J. Gibson Brown, 47 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J. Send for book on Cure of Disease by Herbal Remedies, FREE. 24-14-4t

RUPTURE

To obtain the best knowledge of how to be cured, send for J. A. Sherman's New Publication, illustrated with photographic likenesses of American and English patients before treatment and after cure, with particulars of each case. No work so convincingly interesting has ever before been published. Sent by express on receipt of 25 cts. Plain book of information sent for 10 cts. Sherman recently returned from London, England, where the result of his treatment surprised the most eminent Surgeons, and may now be consulted at his former offices. Address J. A. SHERMAN, Hernia Specialist, 291 Broadway N. Y.

Miners—



There's no such thorough cleanser of dirt, or healer of cuts and bruises as

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP

because of its high percentage of tar.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

White Russian Soap Specially Adapted for Use in Hard Water.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED From 15 to 25 lbs. per month by harmless herbal remedies that do not injure the health or interfere with one's business or pleasure. It builds up and improves the general health, clears the skin and beautifies the complexion. No wrinkles or flabbiness follow this treatment. Endorsed by physicians and leading society ladies. PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL. Harmless. No Starving. Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars to DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.

If you want to get cured take Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla. It's the best. Try it. 50 cents.

WE WANT YOU

to act as our agent. We furnish an expensive outfit and all you need free. It costs nothing to try the business. We will treat you well, and help you to earn ten times ordinary wages. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Any one any where can earn a great deal of money. Many have made Two Hundred Dollars a Month. No class of people in the world are making so much money without capital as those at work for us. Business pleasant, strictly honorable, and pays better than any other offered to agents. You have a clear field, with no competition. We equip you with everything, and supply printed directions for beginners which, if obeyed faithfully, will bring more money than will any other business. Improve your prospects! Why not? You can do so easily and surely at work for us. Reasonable industry only necessary for absolute success. Pamphlet circular giving every particular is sent free to all. Delay not in sending for it.

GEORGE STINSON & CO., Box No. 488, Portland, Me.

FAVORITE SINGER!

Warranted for Five Years.

LOW ARM ONLY $20

OUR FAVORITE SINGER

Drop Leaf, Fancy Cover, Large Drawers, Nickel Rings, Tucker, Ruffler, Binder, Four Widths of Hemmers

Sent on trial. Delivered in your home free of freight charges. Buy only of Manufacturers. Save Canvassers' Commissions. Get New Machines. Address for Circulars and Testimonials.

Co-Operative Sewing Machine Company, 269 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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JAMES G. BLAINE.

Going like a prairie fire,
Nothing like it ever known.
The greatest selling book of the Century.

Agents are wild with enthusiasm and making from $10 to $20 per day. We have the best book and allow agents the best terms.

Authors, JAMES P. BOYD, A. M. and HON. JHON RUSSELL YOUNG

FINELY ILLUSTRATED.

Cloth, only $1.50. Morocco, $2.00.
Send 10c. for postage on

FREE OUTFIT.

Send to-day and you will make money fast.

S. I. BELL & CO., 639, 641 & 643 N. Broad St., Philada., Pa.

DR. THEEL

538 North Fourth St. below Green, Philadelphia, Pa. After the self-styled great and famous specialists, the hospital and college professors, and family physicians have failed to cure you of Syphilis, Stricture, Ulcers, Sore Throat, Discharges, Boils, Swellings, Loss of Power and Decay, Effects of Indiscretion, Debility, Want of Confidence, etc., then go and consult Dr. Theel, the only true advertising specialist, who studied Homœopathic, Allopathic and Eclectic systems of medicine. 6 years' European Hospital and 26 years' practical experience. He does not guarantee, but he cures. Send 10 cts. in 2-ct. stamps for book "Truth," the only true medical book advertised, the friend of suffering humanity from any special disease. Hours, 9 to 3; evenings, 6 to 8; Wed. and Sat. evenings, 6 to 10; Sundays, 9 to 12. No deceit, no false representation. The worst cases solicited. For references see Wed. and Sat. Phila. Times.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY. Fyt

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer 831 Arch St. Phila. Pa. Ease at once. No operation or business delay. Thousands of cures. Dr. Mayer is at Hotel Penn, Reading, Pa., second Saturday of each month. Send for circulars. Advice free.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19, 1892.

STATIONS	Dis	WESTWARD A.M	A.M	P.M
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 25	4 15
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 29	4 18
Mill Hall	3.6	4 46	9 31	4 21
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 42	4 33
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 45	4 45
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 54	4 50
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	10 02	4 57
Curtin	19.9	5 18	10 09	5 05
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 18	5 15
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 28	5 25
Milesburg	23.5	5 45	10 38	5 38
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 43	5 43
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 51	5
Julian	32.9	6 05	11 00	5
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 09	5
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17	6
Hannah—f	42.7	6 28	11 26	6
Fowler—f	45.6	6 30	11 49	6
Dix—f	46.3	6 32	11 32	6
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 38	11 38	6
Vail	51.2	6 42	11 42	6
East Tyrone	53.0	6 46	11 46	6
TYRONE	54.3	6 52	11 55	6

STATIONS	Dis	EASTWARD A.M	P. M.	P.M.
TYRONE		8 10	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	3 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 20	3 20	7 35
Bald Eagle	5.9	8 25	3 24	7 39
Dix—f	8.8	8 30	3 30	7 45
Fowler—f	9.3	8 32	3 32	7 48
Hannah—f	10.6	8 36	3 37	7 52
Port Matilda	13.9	8 43	3 44	7 59
Martha	17.3	8 51	3 52	8 07
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 16
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 16	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 18	4 17	8 32
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 35
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	4 30	8 45
Milesburg	30.8	9 47	4 40	9 00
Curtin	34.4	9 56	4 46	9 07
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	10 02	4 50	9 15
Howard	29.3	10 09	4 57	9 22
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 17	5 15	9 33
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 08	9 33
Mill Hall	51.3	10 31	5 19	9 44
Flemington	52.5	10 34	5 24	9 47
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 37	5 25	9 50

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.—Time Table in effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Westward P.M	Westward A.M	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	Eastward P.M
4 30	10 00	SCOTIA	25.8	9 21	4 40
5 05	10 18	8.3 Fairbrook	20.5	9 09	4 25
5 15	10 28	8.7 Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 21	10 34	10.6 Mosiler	15.9	8 50	4 08
5 26	10 46	12.5 Marengo	13.6	8 38	4 01
5 32	10 52	13.5 Loverille	12.1	8 37	3 55
5 39	10 58	15.2 Furnace Road	10.4	8 31	3 49
5 43	11 02	15.6 Dungarvin	9.8	8 27	3 46
5 53	11 10	18.2 Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 38
6 03	11 20	20.5 Fennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 15	11 32	23.5 Stover	2.1	7 58	3 19
6 25	11 40	25.6 TYRONE		7 50	3 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19 1892.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.35 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.16 p m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 5.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.55 p m.

Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.		Eastward a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
0	5 45	2 00	MONTANDON	5 30	9 15	4 55
1.5	6 15	2 08	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5 20	9 06	4 47
1.5	6 15	2 08	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		9 00	4 47
5.4	6 23	2 17	Biehl		8 52	4 39
6.8	6 28	2 22	Vicksburg		8 47	4 35
10.7	6 37	2 31	MIFFLINBURG		8 38	4 27
13.1	6 42	2 36	Barber		8 33	4 22
15.2	6 47	2 41	Swengle		8 27	4 17
18.1	7 50	2 45	Millmont		8 25	4 15
18.6	7 58	2 51	GLEN IRON		8 17	4 07
23.5	7 07	3 00	Pardee		8 08	3 59
28.9	7 18	3 11	Cherry Run		7 57	3 48
32.2	7 27	3 20	Paddy Mt. Tunnel		7 48	3 40
33.9	7 31	3 23	Ingleby		7 45	3 37
36.6	7 38	4 30	Coburn		7 38	3 30
39.6	7 45	4 37	Zerby		7 30	3 23
43.4	7 55	4 47	Rising Springs		7 21	3 14
46.2	8 02	4 53	Penn's Cave		7 14	3 07
49.2	8 09	4 01	CENTRE HALL		7 06	3 01
51.6	8 16	4 07	Gregg		7 00	2 54
54.6	8 23	4 13	Linden Hall		6 52	2 47
56.7	8 28	4 18	OAK HALL		6 47	2 42
58.8	8 32	4 22	LEMONT		6 43	2 37
60.2	8 37	4 27	Dale Summit		6 38	2 33
63.9	8 47	4 37	Pleasant Gap		6 28	2 23
65.2	8 50	4 40	Axemas		6 25	2 20
67.4	8 55	4 45	BELLEFONTE		6 20	2 15

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD 12	10	8	1	2		1	3	7	9	11 WESTWARD
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar—Lv	am	am	am	pm	pm
6 35		3 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 30		10 30		4 40
6 28		3 44		8 59	Coleville	6 37		10 35		4 45
6 25		3 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48
6 22		3 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51
6 19		3 35		8 49	Lions	6 47		10 46		4 54
6 17		3 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56
6 14		3 31		8 44	Filmore	6 53		10 52		5 00
6 11		3 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03
6 09		3 26		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale		7 19		5 16	
	5 43		8 12		Mattern		7 24		5 20	
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown		7 29		5 23	
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank		7 35		5 30	
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumr'ne	7 21		11 13		5 24
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 18th, 1892.

	WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily	11 20 p m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 34 a m
"	" William'port "	7 10 a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 31 a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 55 a m
"	" Renovo "	8 55 a m
"	arrives Erie "	3 40 p m
NIAGRA EX.	l'ves Phila week d'ys	8 50 a m
"	" Harrsburg "	12 10 p m
"	arrives at Wmsport "	3 00 p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10 p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15 p m
"	" Kane "	9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 15 p m
FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days	11 40 a m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 45 p m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10 p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven "	8 02 p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00 p m
NEWS EX.	l'ves Philadelphia daily	4 30 a m
"	" Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	" Williamsport	11 20 a m
"	arrives at Lock Haven	12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex.	l'ves Phila. week days	4 35 p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 35 p m
"	" arrive Williamsport	10 40 p m
Rochester Exp.	leaves Phila. w'k d's	9 20 p m
"	" Harrisb'g	12 30 a m
"	" arrives Williamsp't	3 28 a m
Williamsp't	" leaves Phila. Sun. only	2 25 p m
"	" Harrisb'g	5 25 p m
"	" arrives Williamsp't	8 35 p m

	EASTWARD.	
Sea Shore Express	l'ves L. Haven w	7 15 a m
"	" Jersey Shore	7 41 a m
"	" Wms'port	8 15 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	" Philadelphia	3 60 a m
DAY EX.	leaves Kane week days	6 30 a m
"	" Renovo	10 20 a m
"	Lock Haven	11 20 a m
"	Williamsport	12 30 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 30 p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie daily	3 25 p m
"	" Renovo	10 35 p m
"

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type)	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8 lines this type, $8 per annum.

Advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash EDWARD T. TUTEN.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

The following transfers of real estate have been recorded since our last report

Jacob Ketner to G. A. Krieghbaum, Dated February 25, 1893. For 13 acres and 131 perches of land in Haines township. Consideration $550.

Catharine Alexander to Mary L. McMullen. Dated February 3, 1893. For tract of land in Gregg township. Nominal consideration.

W. K. Alexander et ux., to H. W. Winkleman. Dated May 13, 1892. For 50 acres of farm land in Penn township. Consideration $5,000.

A. E. Walker, et ux., to Daniel Culvey. Dated December 31, 1892. For lot of ground in Kreamerville, Miles township. Consideration $20.

J. E. Walter, et ux., to Daniel Culvey. Dated April 2, 1893. For 1 acre of ground in Miles township. Consideration $130.

Daniel Culvey to Daniel R. Simon. Dated February 1, 1893. For 2 lots of ground in Kreamerville, Miles township. Consideration $175.

Elwood Shiffer to Amos Brown. Dated March 28. 1893. For lot of ground in South Philipsburg borough. Consideration $500.

Catharine I. Curtin and husband to A. P. Loose and son. For 4 lots in Centre Hall. Consideration $180.

Sarah Williams, et al., to John T. Williams. Dated March 4. 1893. For lot of ground in Rush township. Consideration $175.

Samuel Hess' executors to Mary M. Bottorf. For tract of mountain land in Ferguson township. Consideration $200. Dated March 17, 1892.

Charles K. McCafferty to John Prosser. Lot of of ground in Spring township. Consideration $100, Dated April 20, 1893.

Mrs Bridget McCann et al., to J. N. Schoonover. For premises in Philipsburg borough. Dated March 9. 1893. Consideration $4.300

John B. Shontz to J N. Schoonover. Dated Sept. 14 1889. For premises in Philipsburg borough. Consideration $2.050.

William W. Clark to James I. Clark. Dated 16 days of January 1893. For lot of ground with improvements in Liberty township. Consideration $300.

Edward P. Jones, et ux., to Martin Funk. For lot of ground in Port Matilda. Dated September 20, 1888. Consideration $125.

Lucinda Weston to Martin Funk. Dated July 7, 1887. For premises in Port Matilda. Consideration $800.

John C. Richards, et ux., to Alfred Richards. Dated August 19, 1887. For lot of ground in Philipsburg. Consideration $150.

Susan Richards to Alfred Richards, Dated April 11, 1893. For lot of ground in Philipsburg 19x20 feet. Consideration $24.

Henry Breon, et al , to J. M. Schreiffer. Dated March 27, 1893. For two tracts of land. One situated in Millheim and the other in Penn township. Consideration $600.

James Fuller, to Elsworth Stine, Dated March 22, 1893. For lot in South Philipsburg. Consideration. $45.

Mary W. Graham's executors, and Heins, to Daniel B. Geary. For lot of ground in Penn towuship. Consideration $100.62.

Catharine Martin to Elsworth E Heverly. For 28 acres and 37 perches of land to Howard township. Dated April 17, 1893. Consideration $125.

W. Fred Reynolds to Ed. Fetterolf. Dated April 8. 1893. For lot in Spring Mills, Consideration $57.

SHAWLEY--MARTIN.

On Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock about one hundred and fifty invited guests, and a few others, gathered in the M. E. Church at Milesburg to witness the marriage ceremony performed which united for life Mr. William Shawley, of Boggs township, and Miss Amelia Martin, of Milesburg the Methodist minister, Rev. George Warren, officiating. Miss Martin was a teacher of the young men's class in the Sunday School and four of her pupils acted as ushers. They were Fernando Clark, Harry Essington, Charles Austin and Merritt Adams. The bride and groom will take a short wedding tour. Congratulations

Ripans Tabules: a family remedy.

DO YOU WANT GOOD

GROCERIES?

AND WANT THEM CHEAP?

If you do, the place to get them is where you can get the Freshest and the Best Goods for the Least Money. The EUREKA, High Street, next door to the postoffice, gets a CAR LOAD of Groceries once a week. Hence they always have them fresh. They sell them for CASH and always the CHEAPEST.

Just try them once, they are sure to please you.

M. P. TUTEN, Proprietor.

Remember the place. Saturday will be their BIG DAY, don't miss it.

THE WORLD'S FAIR IS NOW OPEN.

President Cleveland Starts the Machinery in Motion.

CHICAGO, May 1.—The fact that all the buildings at Jackson Park are not entirely completed and all of the displays not yet finally arranged in their proper positions, did not prevent the throwing open to-day of the World's Fair to visitors from all nations on the face of the globe, as had been arranged over two years ago when the gigantic enterprise was officially sanctioned by the United States government and our neighbors in foreign lands.

The booming of cannon, blowing of steam whistles, ringing of bells and a general reign of pandemonium awakened Chicago's population and her vast army of visitors from the center to the most remote corner of the suburbs at an early hour this morning to the fact that the long-looked for day had arrived when the Columbian exposition should be formally opened and the cherished hopes and broad promises of its ambitious projectors were to be realized.

Over a week had been spent in decorating the business places and residences for the great occasion and as a result the metropolis of the west presents to-day a gigantic panoramma of glittering splendor, such as has never before been presented to the gaze of the people on this side of the water, if not in the world. Every one of the mammoth business structures on State and Clark streets, Chicago's two principal business thoroughfares, are literally covered with flags and red, white and blue bunting woven into every conceivable design known to the professional decorator, and the decorations in general are far more elaborate than those hung out on the occasion of the dedication of the World's Fair buildings last October. The Lexington hotel, where President Cleveland and his cabinet are being entertained during their stay here, is the most magnificently decorated structure in the city, over $2,500 having been expended in the effort to make it outshine all its neighbors in point of beauty and design.

The Rush for the Park.

Since early morning the streets leading to Jackson Park have been literally packed with a moving mass of humanity, everyone clamoring without respect to the rights of others, to be the first to reach the objettive point and witness the grandeur and magnificence of the most extensive undertaking ever attempted.

The event of the day was the starting in motion the wheels of the machinery in the various buildings inside the park. The exercises connected with this event took place in manufacturers' hall, the largest structure on the grounds. The building was completely packed with people from the doors to the rostrum occupied by President Cleveland, his cabinet, the World's Fair managers and other prominent citizens of the United States and many from foreign lands.

Here several speechsd were delivered explaining the objects of the World's Columbian exposition, why it had been undertaken, the success the enterprise had met with on every hand, and paying glowing tributes to the memory of the prince of discoverers, Christopher Columbus. At the close of the last speech Director General Davis stepped to the front of the platform and in a charming oratorical effort, introduced President Cleveland to the vast assemblage, saying before he retired to his seat that the chief magistrate of the American nation had been selected as the proper person to set in motion the machinery at the World's Fair, and amid a thunder of cheers that almost raised the roof on the great building, stepped forward and delivered a brilliant address at the close of which he touched the electric button and the thousands of wheels were started on their long, long spin.

CHICAGO, May 3.—There were 392,000 paid admissions to the Fair Monday. The attendance, including those admitted on complimentaries, was over 500,000. The receipts at the gate were almost $200,000.

These figures beat the record. The largest attendance for one day at any previous fair was 400,000 at the Paris Exposition in 1889.

Bright sunshine and a clear sky made the big white World's Fair buildings attractive to look upon yesterday and at the first opening of the gates there was a thin stream of visitors passed through, which swelled to a steady current of humanity as the day wore on.

The early comers were considerably jostled and pushed around by the men who were removing the debris and other evidences of Monday's opening, and inside the buildings gangs of laborers were at work unpacking belated exhibits and putting them in place.

The Paris Wins Easily.

NEW YORK, May 1.—The great international race between the American liner Paris and the new British steamship Cunarder Campania, is over. The Paris won easily, beating the Campania by fourteen hours over a rough course.

The Wound May Prove Fatal.

PITTSBURG, May 2.—Joseph Horn, aged 67, was probably fatally stabbed at the corner of Thirty-eighth street and Penn avenue yesterday. His assailant was John Walker, also a young man. The stabbing was the result of an old feud.

STOCK AND PRODUCE MARKET.

Philadelphia Stock Market.

PHILADELPHIA, May 2.—At the opening of the market this morning a fractional improvement was noticeable, but the advance was not sustained for long, the bear campaign against the industrials was renewed, and the general market weakened in sympathy.

Closing prices:

Lehigh Valley	48⅝	H. & B. T.	36¾
Northern Pacific	15¾	Do pfd	....
Do. pref	39	Reading G. M.4's	77
Pennsylvania	52	Do 1st pfd 5's	47¾
Reading	12 13-16	Do 2d pfd 5's	32⅝
Lehigh Nav	51¾	Do 3d pfd 5's	25¼
St Paul	76¼	W. N. Y. & Pa	5⅛

Market dull and steady.

Philadelphia Produce Market.

PHILADELPHIA, May 2.—Cotton was quiet at 8¼c. per pound for middling uplands.

Feed was in small supply and firm at $17.50@$18.50 per ton for winter bran.

Flour—The market was well supplied and weak, under a slow demand from local jobbers. Sales of a few hundred barrels, including Minnesota clears and straights at $2.75@4.00; Pennsylvania roller straight at $3.25@3.60; western winter clears and straights $3.25@3.75; winter patents at $3.75@4.15; spring do. at $4.15 a4.40; fancy brands higher.

Rye Flour was dull at $3.10 per barrel for choice Pennsylvania.

Grain — On call Wheat had 74⅝c bid for May; 75⅜c June; 76¾c. July; 77c. August.

Corn—48¾c bid for May; 49¼c June; 50c July; 50¼c August.

Oats—39¼c. bid for May: 39½c. June; 39½c July; 38¾c August.

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, May 2.—Wheat—The market was 1@c.3/8 higher with 48,000 bushels for export. No. 2 red, 75¼c. elevator; 75¼c; store; 77c delivered from store; No. 2 hard winter, 76½c. delivered; No. 1 Nor. spring, 81c. delivered; ungraded, 72a78c.

Corn—Market firmer and more active; 80,000 bush. for export, No. 2 corn, 50@50c; elevator; do. 51½c delivered; No. 3, —c., elevator; 75¼c; store; 77c delivered from store; No. 2 hard winter, 76½c. delivered; No. 1 Nor. spring, 81c. delivered; ungraded, 72a78c.

Corn—Market firmer and more active; 80,000 bush. for export, No. 2 corn, 50@50c; elevator; do. 51½c delivered; No. 3, —c., elevator; ungraded, 50a50½c del; steamer mixed50 elevator.

Oats—Market opened firmer, closing lower. No. 2 oats, 38c bid; No. 3 oats, nom., 37½c; No. 2 white, 42a43c; No. 3, white, 41c; track, white, 39a48½c; track, mixed, 37a39c.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

The first week of the April term of court finished up its business in two days, the shortest term that has been held to our knowledge for at least one quarter of a century. All the jurors were discharged Tuesday afternoon. On Wednesday morning, Howard Hartswick, of Clearfield was admitted to the practice of law in the court of Centre county.

The case of Henry Seyler against Rush township poor overseer, for desertion came up for trial, Seyler was sentenced to pay two dollars a week dating from July. 1892, and give bonds in the sum of five hundred dollars for the faithful carrying out of these conditions, and to remain in the county jail until the sentence is complied with and he was informed that he could not get out under the insolvent law.

In the case of L. C. McCormick against W. R. Alexander for trespass, the jury brought a verdict in favor of the plantiff for $89.

Court then adjourned until Monday morning.

MONDAY MORNING.

Court convened Judges Furst, Riley and Faulkner presiding. The first case to claim the attention of the court was The Dooley vs. Krumbrine case, which our readers are no doubt somewhat familiar with. W. F. Reeder is conducting the case for the plaintiff. Ex-Judge John H. Orvis and Clement Dale, Esq., for the defense. Several witness were examined as to whether Patrick Dooley was in his right mind when he conveyed his property to Krumbine, or was then, or is now in his right mind. The case occupied the attention of the court Monday and Tuesday. The jury went out Tuesday evening; the verdict was in favor of the plantiff.

—A car load of groceries was received at Bellefonte last Monday night for the Eureka Grocery, on Hight St., next door to the post office. The agent informed us that he expects to receive a car load every week or one every two weeks, at the farthest. Where goods move like this is the place to buy. You are certain of getting new and fresh goods and right in price. Try them.

Y. M. C. A. ENTERTAINMENT.

The entertainment by exhibition of the phonograph at Bush's Hall last Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. was witnessed by about five hundred people. This wonderful instrument was patented by Edison in 1887, and such improvments have been made on it since that it is now truly a wonderful instrument. Prof. Howe who gave the exhibition explained the machine in a very interesting way. It records any sounds given to it with wonderful accuracy, and repeats them so that when you know the speaker you can recognize the voice. At the entertainment on Tuesday evening Elliot Harvey, Rev. W. A. Houck and Judge A. O. Furst talked in the instrument and it repeated what they said so perfect that you could clearly recognize the voice of each speaker. Prof. Myers orchestra also played a piece which was immediately repeated by the instrument much to the applause of the audience. If Prof. Howe should ever return to this town, he would no doubt be received by even a larger audience than greeted him at this time.

MRS. NETTIE A. RIVERS.

"With Heart quivering with Agony I realized that I must Die."

PHYSICIANS OF NO AVAIL!

Dana's Mighty to Save!

LAWRENCE, MASS., DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,

Kind Benefactors:—I feel that I must tell you how much your SARSAPARILLA has benefited me. Some over two **CUARANTEED** years ago I began to be troubled with a **deathly faint feeling** in my stomach, followed by a **burning sensation,** then a **violent Sick Headache** would set in and what I would suffer I can never describe—this continued for some time then my **sick Headache** would be **followed by fainting spells,** which left me just the **TO breath of life.** I lost flesh until I weighed but **62 lbs.** Could take only **weak beef tea,** or a little **chicken broth** into my stomach, and sometimes even that would **distress me.** My husband used every dollar he could spare in employing the **best Physicians,** but to no avail; they could not help me. **Completely discouraged,** I looked upon my husband and little child, and with my heart **quivering** with **agony I realized that CURE I must die.**

One day a package of your Papers was left at the house—I read them—a ray of hope seemed to appear. I got a bottle. Before it was half gone, **I began to improve.** I continued—using the PILLS with your SARSAPARILLA. **I gained so rapidly that I became an object of wonder.** I am now taking my **ninth bottle,** and weigh **127 lbs.,** and feel that I have **fully recovered every way.**

Accept my heartfelt thanks,

MRS. NETTIE A. RIVERS.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast. Maine.

ST. JACOBS OIL

CURES

RHEUMATISM,

LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, SPRAINS,

BRUISES, BURNS, SWELLINGS,

NEURALGIA.

A copy of the "Official Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition, descriptive of Buildings and Grounds, beautifully illustrated, in water color effects, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10c. in postage stamps by THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

WE WANT RIGHT AWAY Reliable men in every section of America to represent us, advertise and keep our show cards tacked up in towns, on trees and fences along public roads. Steady work in your own county. $75 A MONTH. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID EVERY TWO WEEKS WHEN STARTED. J. H. SCHAAF & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

ASTHMA

Dr. Taft's ASTHMALENE contains no opium or other anodyne, but destroys the specific asthma poison in the blood, gives a night's sweet sleep and CURES so that you need not neglect your bussiness or sit up all night gasping for breath for fear of suffocation. For sale by all druggists. ◦ DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

On receipt of name and Post-office address we mail trial bottle and prove to you that **FREE ASTHMALENE** will and does cure asthma

This Home Comfort Range

Is made of malleable iron and wrought steel, lined with asbestos, a non conductor of heat, so it retains the heat in Summer and can be changed to throw out the heat in Winter. The fire-box is so constructed that it gets a draft of cold air on one side of all parts exposed to the fire. It don't require one-half the fuel the ordinary Stove does. Sold only by our own responsible agents direct from the factory, who can give the best of references. We guarantee each range to be exactly like the sample, and we make each range come up to the guarantee to the letter. With each range is furnished over $25 worth of vessels. You will see our advertisement in the "Farm Journal," of Philadelphia. Ask your bankers the standing of the Wrought Iron Range Company, of St. Louis Mo. You will see we are quoted "at $500000 paid up capital.

LAMAR, CLINTON CO., PA., March 20, 1893.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that the Home Comfort Steel Range was sold to my neighbors in Indiana when I lived there in 1887, and they were all very well pleased with it. Being anxious to know in regard to their durability, I wrote to a friend there on March 8th, 1893, and received a reply very flattering to the range.

C. W. LOVELAND
Man. Loveland Axe Co.

CLINTON DALE, March 20, 1893.

Would state for the benefit of our neighbors that we have been using a Home Comfort Range for more than a week and find it truly a Home Comfort. It gives perfect satisfaction. Order one and you will not regret it.

MR. and MRS. C. A. HECKMAN

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Heckman also each bought Ranges.

Wrought Iron Range Co., St. Louis Mo.

THE PEOPLES PARTY OF CENTRE COUNTY TO BE REPRESENTED.

Some time ago we published the fact that The Peoples' Party state convention was to meet at Williamsport on Wednesday, June 14, to place in nomination a state ticket. We have since learned that Centre county will be represented at that convention by J. Miles Green, John Smith and Lee Rynder. As Centre county had but about 19 votes for this party at the last election they will be pretty well represented. But this is right; our county aught to be represented in everything that is going on and although that party is small here, it has lots of room to grow.

The best and only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It cures. Take no other. 50 cents.

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells on y

THE BEST QUALITIES

OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

COAL

—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

AND

Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

TELEPHONE 712.

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING.

R. J. SCHADD & BRO.

Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellefonte Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.
LOWEST PRICES AND
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Telephone connection.

ap15-1y

Clothes REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESSED.—I have concluded to take up my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 231 East Lamb street. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and charges as low as can possibly be made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention at once.

25 48 tf WILLIAM MCCLELLAN.

FOR RENT.—A five room house on West High Street. Cheap rent. Possession given immediately. Also a 6 room house one of 4 rooms and 2 and 3 rooms. Inquire of

ISAAC HAUPT, agent.

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CLOTHES REPAIRED AND CLEANED.

I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, in old law office next door to residence of John P. Linn, where I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial.

CHARLES MCCLELLAN.

10-tf.

CHARTER NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on Tuesday the 16th day of May, A. D., 1893, by John W. Cooke, S. M. Buck, W. F. Holt, C. E. Cooke and H. P. Bush under an Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," Approved April 24th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for a charter for an intended corporation to be called THE SNOW SHOE MINING CO., the character and object of which is to mine, prepare for market, sell and ship coal and to manufacture coke and other products of coal, with the right to acquire, hold, and dispose of real estate necessary to carry on said business and to have and enjoy all the rights and franchises and to transact all such business as mining and manufacturing companies of like kind are by law authorized to do, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its various supplements.

WILBUR F. REEDER,
24-16-3t Solicitor.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

EDITED BY MRS M. P. TUTEN.

CENTRE COUNTY AND BELLEFONTE LOCAL OFFICERS.

President—Mrs John P. Harris.
Vice Pres.—Mrs. James Harris.
Secretary—Miss Eliza Thomas.
Treasurer—Mrs. D. D. Mitchell.

Regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. is held every Thursday at 4 o'clock P. M. in the W. C. T. U. rooms. No. 20, Criders Exchange.

Gospel temperance meeting every Sunday afternoon at 2.30 at the same place.

A cordial invitation to attend these meetings is extended to all.

Sewing school every Saturday afternoon from 2 to 4; also held at room 20. To this school children are earnestly invited.

The exchange is open every Friday at 3 P. M. in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A in Criders Exchange. A good variety of bread pies, puddings, cake and candy always on hand. Orders for Sunday dinner deserts promptly filled.

WHAT DRINK DOES.

It clogs the brain.

It overworks the heart.

It checks the action of the lungs.

It inflames and hardens the liver.

It causes fatty degeneration of the kidneys.

It arrests digestion by inflaming the mucous membrane of the throat and stomach.

It creates an appetite which is only increased by being gratified.

It destroys the nerve force and paralyzes the energy.

It diseases to the third and fourth generation by the laws of heredity.

OHIO RUMSELLERS HAVE ORGANIZED FOR A DETERMINED FIGHT.

A despatch to the Cleveland Leader from Dayton, Ohio, gives the following account of the organization of the State Liquor league: The executive committee of the Ohio Liquor Dealers' association met here to-day for the purpose of organizing under the charter which was issued from Columbus to-day. The name of the chartered organization is the Ohio State Liquor league. About fifty members of the old association met with the board and were in at the birth of the new organization. The session was held within closed doors, with a guard on the outside to prevent anyone from getting away. In merging the old into the new organization reports were made relative to the financial situation and the membership. The reports show that there are 125 towns and cities organized, and containing a total of 140 branches. A number of applications for assistance were made by dealers in towns where local option is threatened. The league promised its assistance. An appeal also came from Wooster where a dealer was arrested for keeping open his place after 6 o'clock election day. The league resolved to litigate the case to the extent of carrying it to the supreme court. In giving out this much information it was announced that the league means business and proposes to carry on war to the knife. It was stated that no attempt will be made to secure any legislation from the present legislature, but that the league will take a hand in the election of the next legislature to the extent of securing "liberal minded men." Thomas J. Cogan, of Cincinnati, was elected attorney of the league, and J. Wehef, of Cincinnati, state organizer. The session lasted until after midnight."

A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

MASCOUTAH, Ill.—An effort is being made by the temperance people at Summerfield to close the saloons on Sundays. The crusade is being led by the Rev. Fred Mahr.

Mr. Mahr was assaulted yesterday by one of the saloon keepers who had been fined for keeping open. The minister proved to be something of a pugilist and gave his assailant a sound thrashing.

It was in a Western mining city where twenty saloons joined each other, there being in line but one vacant lot. When finally an enterprising stranger built and started a saloon there, the local papers welcomed the announcement with pride, and spoke with joy of "a long-felt want supplied."

There is every indication of a great temperance revival in this city, and in connection with it a renewal of the warfare on the saloons with more uncompromising vigor than ever characterized the Citizens' League in its palmiest days.—Manchester (N. H.) Mirror.

A saloon keeper in Huron, S. D., was sentenced to sixty days and a fine of $300 for violating the State Prohibitory law. The other saloon keepers of the town were convinced that prohibition did prohibit and left in a hurry.

The police of Spokane (Wash.), are looking for two prominent men of that city, who for the sake of a bet of a few dollars, induced a number of school boys to indulge in a beastly intoxication. Twenty school boys were scattered along Monroe street Friday morning in various stages of inebriation. Two of the children, when taken home, were seized with fits, and grave fears for their lives are entertained.

LICENSE TO BE $3,000.

GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass.—At the local option election, the liquor men carried the day by a majority of less than 100. They were so jubilant at the result that they must run out of doors and throw their hats in the air. Meanwhile the temperance element sat in the meeting and passed a vote that liquor licenses should cost $3,000.

WAR ON GIN MILLS.

BARRE, IA—The town grand jurors are waging a vigorous war on violators of the prohibitory liquor law, and constables, deputy sheriffs, police officers and their assistants have been pressed into the service. The authorities are determined to drive the rumsellers out of business and raids are likely to be made against several local gambling dens.

A DIRECT BRIBE.

PITTSBURG, PA.—A man named Bumsby has offered to pay all the taxes for this year and donate $100 to each of the three churches of Coal Center if the residents do not oppose him in obtaining a liquor license. Some of the most influential residents of the town have signed Bumsby's petition. The ministers have now taken a hand and a big struggle is on. A license has never been granted in Coal Center.

A PROHIBITION PARTY.

NEW YORK CITY.—A despatch to the New York Recorder from Plainfield, N. J., says: "Finding all other plans and schemes of suppressing the liquor traffic in Plainfield futile, the leading citizens have resolved to formulate a party, irrespective of political preferment, for the sole purpose of stopping entirely the sale of liquor in Plainfield. The movement has for its leaders some of the most influential gentlemen in the city."

SOUTH CAROLINA WILL TAKE CHARGE OF HER SALOONS.

CHARLESTOWN, S. C.,—There will be no alcoholic liquor or beer sold in South Carolina except by the state after July 1. Four of the best known legal firms in the state to-day decided that the recent law was constitutional. Soon after the passage of the law the liquor dealers of the state formed an association and employed counsel to tests its constitutionality. It was their opinion which was submitted to the executive committee of the liquor dealers to-night. The lawyers advised the liquor dealers to prepare to meet the law as valid and constitutional on and after July 1, 1893, saying that in view of the heavy penalties prescribed by the act they cannot advise them to continue selling liquor after July 1.

Under the new law the state will sell all the liquur and beer in South Carolina. Gov. Tillman expects to buy the liquors either in Chicago or New York. The act appropriates only $50,000 with which to start business, but the governor thinks the state can easily get all the credit it wants.

NO LICENSE SPREADING.

The Springfield (Mass.) Union in its issue of April 1, says: "A no license movement seems to be spreading over the state this year, and it has almost come to be the chief issue in many places."

The danger of setting up false standards of morality is that bad men are always ready to take advantage of such concessions to their selfishness. They only want the slightest encouragement to enable them to accomplish their nefarious purposes. We thus become their most effective allies when we sanction or tolerate their criminal business.

HUNTED HIM DOWN.

The Clearfield *Public Spirit* says: Tuesday evening of last week District Attorney Bell received a telegram from Roger O'Mara, chief of police of Pittsburg, stating that Paige Lee, or Anderson Lee as he called himself, who murdered Charles Carter at the Beech Creek tunnel a couple weeks ago, had been captured in that city and was being held, awaiting the arrival of an officer from Clearfield. It seems that one Joseph Wilburn, a colored laborer, who had been working at the tunnel when the murder was committed made up his mind to hunt Lee, and soon after the murder he quit work and took Lee's trail. He trailed him up to Pittsburg, and on Tuesday last saw him on the street and had him arrested. Deputy Sheriff Wisotzkey left Wednesday afternoon for Pittsburg and brought Lee here on the 5 o'clock train. It is said that Lee acknowledged his guilt and if such is the case there will likely be a hanging in Clearfield county.

—Try Swartz & Dubbs when you want anything in the implement line. They can suit you sure.

of Fine Grey Felt. Band of Emerald Green Velvet.

Mr. J. Johnson
of Philadelphia

Good and Reliable

Hood's Cured Malaria and Loss of Appetite.

The following letter is from a gentleman widely known in the section of Philadelphia where he lives, being a member of the I. O. O. F., Red Men, Order of Tonti, and the Republican Club, and a popular speaker in public meetings:

"I dare say that I am more glad in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla than its proprietors are in selling it. I took it for malaria and loss of appetite, and the fact that we have continued to use it in our family is sufficient evidence of our confidence in its efficacy. My food tastes better and relishes more naturally. My wife and daughter say Hood's Sarsaparilla has also very much improved my complexion. We regard it good and reliable, and recommend it to all of our friends." JAMES JOHNSON, 551 N. Indiana Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache and constipation. 25c.

Impure Blood
Shows itself in the Spring, in
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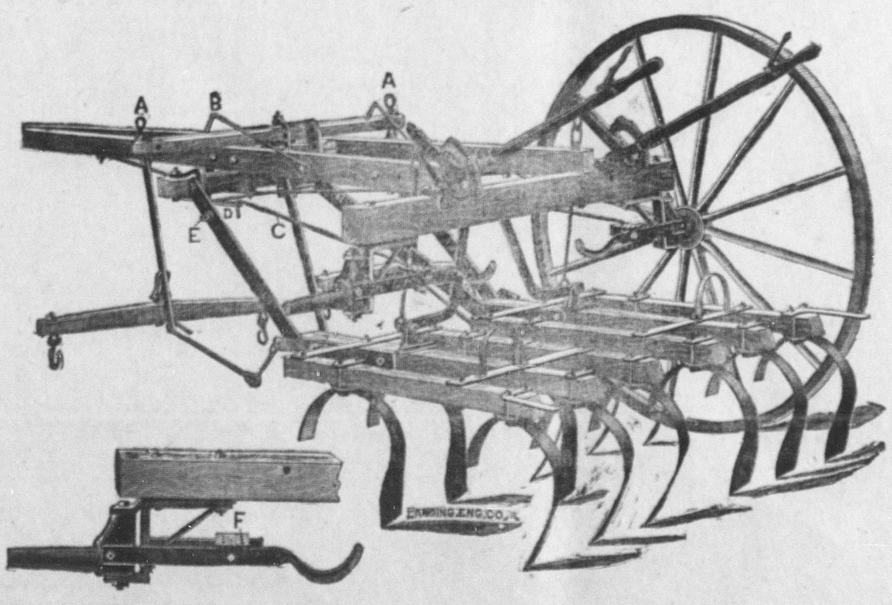

The above is a cut of the Invigorator, a Wheel Spring Tooth Cultivator, which exterminates the weeds, pulverizes the soil and invigorates the Corn. For sale by

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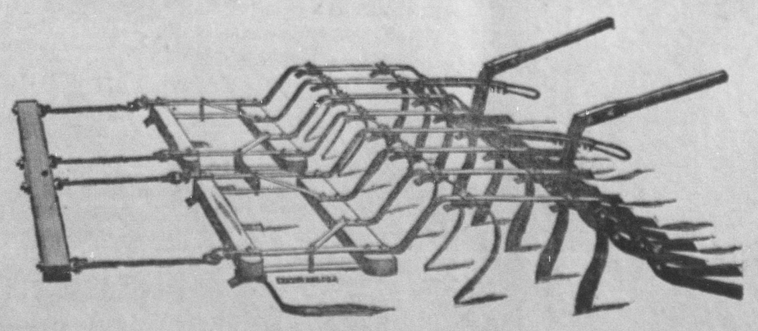

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The Princess Dorinda's Jewels.

EMMA LEE BENEDICT

There was once a king who had a very large kingdom but very little money, because his three brothers, who resigned before him, were great spendthrifts and used up all the money they could get from the people before they died.

The new king declared that he would not live extravagantly and press the people for money which they could not afford to give him.

So when he came to the palace he began at once to cut down expenses. He dismissed the men and maids of honor, the masters of the hounds, the stewards of the wardrobes, the butlers and bakers and footmen and serving men and women in all parts of the palace. Only just enough were retained to attend to the necessary wants of himself, his queen and heir little daughter, the Princess Dorinda.

This king was also very frugal about spending money on his table and on clothing for himself and family. "Enough for necessity; nothing for show," was his motto.

Now, the Princess Dorinda, like most children, was fond of pretty things. She would have liked very much to wear rich dresses wore. Even the daughters of the Dukes and Counts, who came to the palace on great occassons, wore finer clothing and more costly jewels than she.

But the Princess Dorinda had a good heart and she would not wish the people to go cold and hungry in order that she might wear find clothes.

In fact, the Princess had only one serious fault. She never put anything she touched back in the place where she found it. The queen, her mother, used to say that it took the time of one servant to follow the Princess around and put in order the things she displaced.

Many plans were tried to cure the Princess of her bad habit. She even had her royal hands tied one day so that she could not touch anything. But the very next day she did a worse thing than ever.

Going into the throne room finding no one there she began to play with the golded crown that her father wore on all state occasions. She put it on her head and then sat down upon the throne and waved the golden sceptre, as she imagined she would do if she were a king and people gathered around her. The next day neither the crown nor the sceptre could be found.

There was to be a great meeting of the princes and nobles that day, at which it was very improper for the king to appear without his crown. So a great search was made through every room and hall of the palace, but without avail. The king met his nobles without his crown, the reason given was that some one had stolen it, and so every one thought.

A few days afterward, a servant happened to move some draperies hanging in a passage-way, and there lay the lost crown and sceptre just where the Princess had thrown them as she ran out to chase a butterfly in the palace garden.

The Princess was very sorry, when told of all the trouble she had made, and after the King and the Queen and the High Councillor had all talked with her very seriously about her fault she went out in the palace garden, and sat down on the grass near her favorite snow-drop bush, to think it over.

She had been there only a few minutes when she heard a faint, ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling! that seemed to come from underneath the snow-drop bush.

The Princess listened intently, and soon she heard it again,—tinkle-tinkle, ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling-ting!

What could it be? It sounded like tiny little bells. Carefully she pushed aside the branches of the snow-drop bush and peeped in.

There, upon one of the lowest branches, sat the queerest little old woman she had ever seen. She was so little that the Princess was sure she must be a fairy. She wore a red petticoat and green jacket, with silver buttons, and on her head was a high pointed hat, with chains of silver beads festooned around it.

Here and there among the beads were were little silver bells, that tinkled every time the fairy nodded her head. She was nodding now to the Princess, and smiling a queer little smile, that left scarcely anything to be seen of her face except a few funny wrinkles.

"Do you happen to know of any little girl who would like some pretty jewels? the fairy asked.

As she piped out the question, in a shrill little voice, she opened a pretty pink box and there lay the most wonderful jewels the Princess had ever seen. There was a necklace of pearls and rubies; the bracelets of braided gold, one with clusters of garnets and pearls between the strands the other with emerald and pearl clusters.

There was a finger ring of slender gold wire bent into three fine coils at the top, and in each coil was a tiny diamond. And there was a splendid pin in the form of a cresecent, like a slender new moon, and the whole length of the crescent was studded with sparkling gems.

The Princess clasped her hands and looked at the jewels, too full of admiration to speak.

"Would you like them, my dear?" asked the fairy, holding out the box, which was much larger than hereself, toward the Princess.

"They may become yours on certain conditions," said the fairy. "I will let you take them for a year. Every day you must wear at least one of the pieces. At the end of the year you must bring them back here, and I will come and look at them. If they are all in good condition they will then be yours."

"Oh! I will take the very best of care of them!" exclaimed the Princess. "I will dust them every day."

"There is only one thing that will injure them," said the fairy. "You will notice that each piece is suspended in the box by a little gold hook. Whenever the jewels are taken out they must be returned to the same hook. If you lay them down or leave them out of the box when you take them off, or if you hang the necklace on a hook where one of the bracelets belongs, the gold will turn at once to dull brass and the precious jewels to common pebbles."

When she had said this the fairy handed the box of jewels to the Princess and vanished.

Now it happened that the very next night there was to be a grand ball at the house of one of the nobles and the Princess Dorinda was invited. She could hardly wait for the time to arrive, so anxious was she to wear the jewels.

Many times during the next day she went to the pink box and opened it to look at the beauties inside. Once she lifted the necklace out and was just about to clasp it around her throat, when word came that her mother wished to see her in the dressing-room to try on the new dress that was being finished for her to wear in the evening.

In her haste to try on the dress she thoughtlessly left the necklace on her bureau. When she went to put it on that evening it no longer gleamed with beautiful pearls and rubies. It was only a string of common pebbles.

Poor Princess Dorinda! All her tears could not change the jewels back again. She had only the bracelets, pin and ring to wear to the ball.

She was very careful when she returned to hang these on the hooks in the box; but alas! she had forgotten when she took the bracelets down to notice which hook the emerald one hung on and which the other! The next time she went to her jewel-case the gems in both the bracelets had turned to pebbles, for she had hung each on the wrong hook. Only the ring and pin were now left.

For a long time the Princess was very careful to put each of these back in its proper place whenever she took them out.

One day the King took the Princess with him on a long journey to a distant part of the kingdon. She wore her ring and crescent pin but she never thought to take along the box to put them in when she took them off at night.

When she went to her room to undress she thought of her jewel-box; but it was far-away.

So the Princess lost all the pretty jewels the fairy had given her.

One day as she sat near the snow-drow bush in the palace garden, wondering what the fairy would say when she came again, she heard a faint tinkle like that made by the fary's little silver bells. Pushing aside the branches she peeped in and there sure enough was the fairy.

"Well, how are the jewels, my pretty Princess?" the fairy asked, nodding as before and drawing her face up in funny wrinkles.

The poor Princess had to confess that not a jewel was left.

"But Oh, Madam Fairy," the Princess pleaded, "if you would only let me try over again I think I could keep them now, for I have learned to put things away in their places after I have used them."

"Ah, I see," said the fairy. "Practice in putting your jewels away helped you to form the habit of putting other things away. Very good. In that case I think we will let you try again, though not in just the same way.

"Here is a magic napkin which I will give you. Every night lay the necklace, bracelets, pin and ring upon this napkin and roll them up in it. The next morning unroll them and hang each piece on its proper hook in the box. Do this every night and morning for a year and at the end of that time your jewels will be restored. If you miss a single night you will have to begin the year over again."

At this the fairy vanished as before, leaving the magic napkin.

The Princess did as the fairy directed for a whole year, and at the end of that time as she unrolled the napkin one morning there lay the sparkling jewels, as beautiful as when the fairy first brought them to her.

HOW TO OBTAIN LONG LIFE.

Take life easy. Nothing prolongs life like a cheerful disposition.

Make haste slowly. The snail outran the hare and won the race.

Avoid all worry. Care wrinkles the brow and dries up the fountain of life.

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Be moderate in all things and temperate in your habits. Remember, "sleep is nature's kind restorer," and if you would live long, sleep long

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QUEER FACTS ABOUT EELS.

Occasionally some one applies to the Fish Commission at Washington for a consignment of eels' eggs, to stock a pond or stream, and the request is invariably refused. This is not due to any intentional desire to be disobliging, but because nobody knows whether eels lay eggs or not.

As to breeding, the eel is the most mysterious animal in existence, and the question has been a puzzle to learned and unlearned for centuries.

Some authorities have contended that eels grow up from horsehairs, which, in some strange manner become vitalized. Others have held that they were generated spontaneously from slime, while others still have gravely advanced the belief that they came from the skins of old eels, or similar exuviae of water snakes.

Most popular among people who get their living from the water, however, is the theory that eels are the projreny of various other fishes. The Sardinian fisherman asserts that they are produced by a certain kind of water beetle, which for this reason is called mother of eels.

All this mystery about the eel, as science has learned in the last few years, is due to the fact that it lays its eggs in the sea, where no one has a chance to observe the process. Other fishes, like the shad, leave the ocean to spawn in fresh water streams, but this curious and slippery customer does precisely the reverse.

The young eels, newly born or hatched, leave the salt water and make their way in armies up the rivers. Obstacles apparently insurmountable they use the utmost ingenuity in passing, even traveling a considerable distance on dry land in order to get around an obstruction.

In the spring and summer any visitor at Niagara Falls, who descends beneath the great sheet of water at the foot of the falls, will see literally hundreds of cart loads of small eels wriggling over the rocks and squirming over the whirlpools. Of course it is impossible for them to go over the falls, and thus it happens that, although eels have always been plentiful in Lake Ontario, there were none in Lake Erie until they had been placed there and they fail to multiply at all when placed in ponds that are landlocked, although in such places they will grow rapidly and be healthy. It costs so little to purchase young ones by the quantity that this is no great obstacle to the usefulness of stocking inland waters with these fish.

In all probability eels lay eggs, just as do nearly all other fishes. The only difference is that they deposit them in the sea instead of in fresh water.

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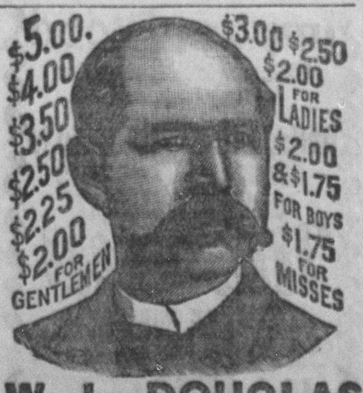
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HANNAH'S SHOPPING EXPEDITION.

The report started in Blake's store. To disbelieve a report that started in Blake's store was an unheard heresy at the Corners. So, astonishing as this was, the Corners received it without a shadow of doubt. It hardly needed to be known that Mrs. Goodrich herself was the authority.

She was down at the store Saturday afternoon as usual to make her weekly purchases. Anson Blake, who never failed when groceries were purchased to conduct the customer to the other side of the store to look at the dry goods and vice versa, endeavored to lead Mrs. Goodrich over to look at some new Winter goods.

Then it came out. With a bit of pardonable pride she let him know that she had no need to look at Fall goods in Witham Corners or in Witham Centre, either, since "her Hannah was going to the city next week to do their Fall sh opping; that she, Hannah, had an aunt there who had the whole Summer been urging her to come, and that now she was going for a few days."

Mrs. Goodrich shook her large skirts and swept out—figuratively speaking, of course, as her garments always escaped the floor by some inches.

Meeting was hardly over the next day before Hannah was interviewed as to her in the evening on the subject. They were so numerous then and kept her so long that Jerry Downing waiting patiently for her outside, concluded she had gone out the back door on purposes to cut him, and walked home with another girl. His mother, who had not been on speaking terms with Mrs Goodrich since that good lady made some remarks on the strength of the butter Mrs. Downing brought to theminister's donation last winter, let Jerry know when he got home of Hannah's intended trip, and suggested that a girl who couldn't buy her Winter dress at the Corners, but must go to New York for it, was too fine to be a tarmer's wife. Jerry went to bed in despair, while Hannah was crying herself to sleep, wondering how she could have offended him.

The next afternoon, when she came in from her school, Hannah was more than surprised to find Mrs. Dowuing in the sitting-room with her mother. As the visitor had not been in their house for a year, Hannah was sure that she bore some message from Jerry, and greeted her accordingly, wondering, meanwhile, why her mother looked so grim, and knit as furiously as if the whole family were barefooted and suffering.

It was no message from Jerry, however, that brought Mrs. Downing there to-day. The lad was ploughing in a distant field, and did not know of his mother's call.

After her little remark last night about Hannah's city shopping tour, she had thought best to keep this visit a secret from him.

"I was just telling your ma," she began, when Hannah, flushed and expectant, was seated, "that I'd been down to Blake's to get my Winter dress, and that there wa'n't a thing there I'd put on my back."

"Oh, not a thing!" Hannah assented quickly. "I'm going to New York for our Winter things"

"So I heard, and I was telling your ma that, as long as you, are going to town and going a shoppin,' buying one more dress wouldn't be no more trouble to you."

Buying a whole wardrobe for Jerry's mother would have been a delight!

"Oh, no trouble—a pleasure!" Hannah cried, despite her mother's frown.

"There's that brown merino I got there years ago last Fall," Mrs. Downing went on. "The wear I've had out of it just beats all. I've worn it steady wherever I went. I was telling your ma that I didn't know as I could be suited better than to have another just like it. So, if you won't mind getting me ten yards of dark brown merino—say, about eighty cents a yard—or you might go as high as eighty-five—I'd be much obliged, and will do the same by you."

"Don't mention it," cried Hannah, taking out her notebook and adding the small item to the long family list.

"The money'll be all right," added Mrs. Downing.

"Of course it will," Hannah laughed.

"Going to stay long?"

"From Thursday to Monday only. I can't leave my school longer."

"I'll be over then, Monday night after it."

"Waal, I must say," Mrs. Goodrich burst out, as the door closed after Mrs. Downing. "she's got brass! The idea of her asking you to lug a dress up from the city for! I didn't give her any encourgement when she spoke to me about it, I can tell you."

"Oh, mother, I wouldn't refuse for the world," Hannah returned. "How could I?"

Tea was over. Mrs. Goodrich was washing the dishes. Hannah was drying them, when the kitchen door was unceremoniously opened. A tall, gaunt woman, with a commanding air, as if she were at the head of a disorderly regiment, marched in. It was Mrs Moore.

"I was down to Mis' Downing's," she began, without a small prelude of a greeting, "fur a dish o' tea an' a few minutes' set, an' she was tellin' me that Hannah was goin' to the city this week."

"Yes, on Thursday," Hannah answered. "Will you sit down?"

"I hain't no time fur a set. Mary she's gone over to her grandmother's. and there ain't nobody to hum to git Moore's supper. Mis' Downing was saying you was goin to git her a brown mereener."

"Yes."

"I s'pose it won't be no trouble, as you're buyin', to buy me a black mereener, too, at the same time?"

"None whatever." Hannah's smile was getting hollow.

"How long be you goin' to stay?"

"Till Monday."

"I'll be round Monday evenin' with the money. You can git me seventy-five stuff, about seven yards."

She departed with as little ceremony as she had entered.

"I told you so—I told you so," said Mrs. Goodrich, as she lighted a candle and went down cellar with the milk. "Ef you do fur one you'll have to do fur the whole town."

Miss Brown, the dressmaker, dropped in a little later.

"I heerd only just now that you're goin' to York," she said, as if to apologize for not coming sooner, "and that you're goin' to get some things for Miss Downing."

"Yes, a dress," Hannah returned, while her mother gave a tremendous "Ahem."

"So I heerd. I don't get to York very often myself, and I'm afraid I'm getting a little behind the fashions. It don't pay, you know, for me to get behind," she simpered. Miss Brown was more noted for her simpers than for the correctness of her styles.

Of course not.

"So I made bold to step round and ask you, as you're going to the city anyway an' will be lookin' at the fashions, to just give a look fur me."

"I shall certainly study the fashions well for my own benefit.

"I can't say exactly how many patterns I'd like you to buy me."

"Oh, you want me to buy patterns, do you?" Hannah asked quickly. She was one of the most obliging girls in the world. but this sort of thing was becoming monotonous.

"As long as you'ae in the city an' goin' right by the fashion stores, I s'pose it won't be no trouble for you to step in and buy a pattern or so. You can get whatever you think is pretty—some sacks, bodies and skirts, and so on. You can tell bettr'n I can when you see 'em. You might get about five dollars' worth. I think it'll pay you. I'll let you have the money when you know how much it is, or I'll sew it out."

While Hannah was silently making a note of this Mrs. Dobbs, their next neighbor, came in.

"Pretty neighbors you are," was her greeting. 'Pretty neighbore! 'Mellie, she just came from the store. 'Ma,' sez she, 'what do yer think? Hannah Goodrich is going to the city a-Thursday a-shoppin', an' is going to get Mis' Downing a dress. I wonder if she wouldn't buy me a felt hat. I'm sick an' tired o' Miss Miller's hats!' 'Of course she would,' sez I. 'A pretty neighbor she'd be ef she wouldn't.'"

"Why, certainly," said Hannah, trying to call up a smile. It was only the ghost of one that responded, however. "What kind of a hat wil Amelia want?"

"She's goin' to leave that to your judgment. Somethin' pretty and dressy and stylish, and that'll be becomin' to you."

Hannah was dark, with delicate features and very pretty. Amelia was light, with course features and homely.

"She's willing to go as high as $5," Mrs. Dobbs went on. "Still, ef you don't have to spend so much she'll be tickled. Looking around a leetle and not taking the fust thing that's offered, you kin sometimes save as much as fifty cents."

The school where Hannah vainly strove each day to make the Witham youth learned was some distance from her home, and she took her luncheon with her. She had just settled down to it the next noon, when a delicate withered-looking, long-ago-comely woman entered the room.

Hannah greeted her with unfailing politeness, hoping against hope that she had not heard of the intended trip.

Mrs. Guion would not sit down. She had run over only for a moment. She had just heard that morning that Miss Goodrich was going on Thursday to the city, and wanted to know if she would be willing to do the least bit of an erraud there. Would she be so kind?

Of course Hannah could not say no, and Mrs. Guion chose to consider her embarrassed silence an assent, and took from a bag three pieces of silk—blue, yellow, and green, all peculiar shades. Would Miss Goodrich be so kind as to match them in zephyrs? She had vainly tried here and in adjacent towns to do so, but then you never could get anything outside of the city, and you could get everything there. Would Miss Goodrich be so kind as to get a half pound of each?

The very small item of matching three peculiar shades of silk was added to Hannah's list.

She was sewing that evening when Mrs. Clark, the physician's wife, came in. This lady was well off, dressy, but economical and very fussy. All Witham knew that she was hard to please. She would not burden Miss Goodrich for anything, she began, if she could possibly find time to go herself to the city or if she could get what she wanted in Witham.

She had a piece of brown plaid which she would like matched; would Miss Goodrich be so kind as to get the same quality exactly and the same pattern? See? There was that fine stripe—did she notice that. It was bought three years ago—Mrs. Clark did not remember now whether it was in New York or Philadelphia; she had paid a dollar a yard for it, and she would like six yards more.

Mrs. Green from the Corners, Mrs. Drake from the Centre, Mrs. Williams from North Witham, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Cole, one after the other, were ushered into the sitting-room and begged to have a piece of goods matched or something big or little bought in the city. They always knew it would be no trouble for her as long as she was buying for herself, and not one offered to advance the money for the purchase.

After supper on Wednesday evening Hannah wrote out her list in full. She was studying it, a little amused and very much vexed, when her mother entered.

"Ma, I've been counting up," she said.

"Waal!"

"The things I am requested by the neighbors to buy amount, at a rough guess, to $180. They would easily fill three trunks, and the work of hunting for them would occupy me at least four days. Not one has offered me a cent in advance or the money to pay expressage. I have just $80 and two days to spend in the city."

"I told you so—I told you so."

"What could I do? I should have offended every one of them if I had put the case to them as it is."

"Well, what air you going to do? You're in for it, you see."

"I'm not going—that's what I'll do about it. We'll buy our Winter dresses at Blake's, as the rest of Witham will for all me. The next time I make up my mind to go to New York not a soul in Witham will know it till I am gone, if you please. ma."

Mrs. Goodrich did please. When Hannah went early next Spring even Mrs. Downing was not told till the last moment, and then it was because Hannah changed her name to Downing the day she went, and was as pleased as before, of course, to undertake any commissions for Jerry's mother.—*True Flag.*

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

WHERE THE GOVERNMENT OWNS AND OPERATES THE RAILROADS.

In Hungary the railroads are owned and operated by the government and thus they have had the zone system of railway fare has now been in operation in Hungary three years. It was inaugurated originally by the Hungarian Minister of Commerce and railways, Von Baross. Frequent mention has been made of the experiment—how Buda-Pesth was taken as a center, how imaginary circles were drawn about it ten miles apart, and every railway station within one of the given zones all about the city was reached for the same fare. At the same time the railway fares were reduced to about one-half cent a mile, no commutation or return ticket.

Time sufficient has now elapsed to sum up the result of the system. Travel on the roads has well nigh doubled in the three years. Altthough fares were so reduced, yet the railway revenues have been somewhat increased. This is owing largely to a reduction in expenses. Numbers of ticket agents and much ticket stamping have been dispensed with. The tickets can be bought at cigar shops or places where stamps are sold.

There are fourteen zones in the circuit about Buda-Pesth. The system has proved so satisfactory there that in time it will probably make its way with modifications into other parts of Europe and into the United States. Its greatest merit would be the cheapening of railway fares, so that poor working people could live in suburban towns. But in order to affect this result the government should own the roads.

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A FINE PRISONER.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, was arrested at Munich recently, for the first time in his life, while visiting his daughter Archduchess Gisela, who is married to Prince Leopold of Bavaria, and who resides in that city. His Majesty, who was not in uniform, happened to walk on the grass while crossing the garden to the palace when he heard a gruff voice cry:

"Are you going to get off of that or not?"

The Emperor, not supposing that the remark was addressed to him, walked on until he was roughly seized by the arm by a one-armed park guard.

"Am I to speak twice?" the guard demanded furiously. "You're arrested. Come right along to the guard-house!"

The Emperor, with an inward smile, accompanied his captor. As they passed along, the spectators, astonished at the extraordinary spectacle, uncovered their heads; but the old guard was too angry to notice this, and it was not until they met Baron Malsen, one of the dignitaries of the Bavarian Court, that the stubborn old fellow realized what he had done.

"Your Majesty," exclaimed the Baron, "what does this mean?"

On hearing the word "majesty," the guard dropped the Emperor's arm and began to tremble from head to feet.

"That's all right," said the Emperor, laughingly. "You have only done your duty, though not in a very gentle way. Have you been a soldier?"

"For forty years, Your Majesty," stammered the guard, "and I have been wounded in three campaigns."

"You are too old for a park guard," rejoined the Emperor. "If you will present yourself to the master of the household to-morrow, I will see that you receive a more comfortable berth as one of the doorkeepers of the palace."

The old fellow's eyes filled with tears as he saluted and withdrew muttering:

"Mercy, what a fine prisoner!"

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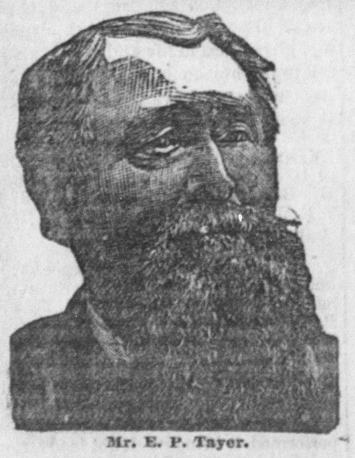

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EAST NASSAU, March 23, 1892.

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Dear Sir—It is a duty I owe to you and the public at large to make known my case and testify to the wonderful RELIEVES merits of your Favorite Remedy. I was afflicted with Inflammatory Rheumatism for 15 years, which was so severe that I was supposed to be crippled for life. Indeed I had tried several remedies and doctored with the best physicians, but continued to grow worse, and had given up all hope of recovery. About five years PAIN ago I was induced to try a bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. The first bottle gave me relief at once, and after using several bottles I was entirely cured, no trace of the disease remaining. Have felt no Rheumatism for CURES three years or more and consider myself permanently cured. I cannot say too much for this wonderful medicine in transforming me from a suffering cripple to perfect health.

Yours truly, E. P. TAYER.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY:

Dear Sir—I can vouch for every word Mr. Tayer has written you as he lives neighbor to me and I sold him the Favorite Remedy.

M. R. MILLIUS, Merchant.

Mrs. Tayer writes that myself and family will be ever grateful to Dr. Kennedy and his wonderful medicine, Favorite Remedy for curing Mr. Tayer of Rheumatism DISEASE and restoring him to health and happiness after we had given up all hope of his ever being well again."

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

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HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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YOUR DRUGGIST WILL SUPPLY YOU.

Bellefonte Republican,

To Correspondents.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Last Tuesday Mrs. Harry Jenkins, of Bellefonte, gave birth to a boy. The mother is doing well and Harry is highly pleased.

—William Larimer and family moved last Monday from Thomas street to Bishop street, into a house formerly occupied by William Ludwig.

—Mrs. Hoover, on Spring street, next to the Presbyterian church, has had the wood-work of her house painted, which is a great improvement to the appearance of the building.

—When you want coal or wood of any kind or discription, go to Edward K. Rhoads, Bellefonte, near the passenger depot. He will give you what you want at a fair price.

—When you want to sell hay go to Edward K. Rhoads, near passenger station, Bellefonte. When you want to buy hay go to Rhoads. He buys and he sells hay of the best quality or to suit purchasers.

—Mrs. Louisa Bush is building a new brick stable in the rear of her handsome home on Spring street. This is to take the place of the one that was destroyed by fire last fall. The Bell brothers are doing the brick work.

—Tony Farrell, in "My Colleen," will be the next attraction at Garman's opera house. He will be here Thursday evening, May 11th. Everybody in Bellefonte knows Tony and will undoubtedly greet him with a crowded house.

—The damage done to Finkbinder's photograph gallery by the blast, by which about twenty tons of stone was blown clear through it last week, is being repaired and will soon be in as good shape as ever. Mr. James Harris pays the bill.

—Conrad Fogleman, of Lemont, died at the Danville Hospital last week Monday and his remains were shipped home. He was 38 years old and leaves a wife and three children. Interment was made at the cemetery at Buffalo Run last Thursday.

—We are sorry to learn that Ex-Commissioner J. C. Henderson is seriously ill with inflamatory rheumatism, at his home at Julian. Some of his Bellefonte friends went up to see him last Wednesday. We hope to hear of his speedy restoration to perfect health.

—The Philipsburg *Ledger* says: Editor Kinsole, of the Wage Earners' *Journal*, is recuperating his health at Atlantic City. During his absence Attorney Geo. W. Zeigler will occupy the editorial chair, wield his trenchant pen and attack certain great public evils that need keel hauling.

—Last Sunday quite a crowd gathered at The Collins' Furnace to watch the operation of making a cast of iron. The cast was made at five o'clock in the afternoon. It is a beautiful sight to see one hundred and twenty five tone of red hot metal run out of the big furnace and distribute itself over the place made to receive it.

—The Bellefonte Central Railroad company have a large force of men at work near the glass works making a change in the tracks, made necessary to reach their proposed new depot on corner of Spring and Lamb streets. They will cross over the Bald Eagle and the Bellefonte and south wastern R. R. by a trussle.

—The Collins' Furnace, so called, made its first cast of iron since starting up this time, last week. Everything moved to perfection and the furnace is now working to the satisfaction of all. 125 tons of metal are made every 24 hours. As these works employ over a thousand men this will make quite an addition to Bellefonte industries.

—When you want to burn lime go to Edward K. Rhoads, near passenger station, Bellefonte, for your coal. He has a large stock on hand of just the right kind of coal for burning lime. Friends, make a note of this. We give you our word of honor that you will find that wuen you deal with Mr. Rhoads you are dealing with a square man.

—The meeting at the Y. M. C. A. rooms last Sunday was especially interesting. Secretary Harvey was the leader and when he was through he introduced to the audience his father, who is a fine singer, and who entertained the audience by singing the hymn entitled, "There are lonely hearts to cherish, while the days are going by." He is a powerful singer and charmed his audience by his enthusiasm.

—Bellefonte is going to be strictly in it in the amusement line during the next four weeks. First on the list will be the rendition of the "Arabian Nights," by a local opera company on the 9th. Tony Farrell on the 11th. The Bellefonte Minstrels some day next week, the date not yet set. Buckskin Bill's Wild West, Indian show on the 17th. Thos. H. Keen, in either "Othello" or "Richard III," on the 18th, and Walter L. Main's monstrous railroad shows on or about the 26th. And in the interim there may be a sprinkling of base ball for all lovers of the national game; the first game will be played at State College on Saturday between the P. S. C's and Bucknell.

BELLEFONTE COUNCIL.

The council of Bellefonte met in regular session last Monday evening commencing at eight oclock. Every member was present. Before the meeting commenced the president called the members into secret session in another room, After a long deliberation the members filed into the main room and arranged themselves in their proper places, president Geo. L. Potter presiding. F. W. Crider asked the privilege of putting a two inch water pipe from the main into the Crider Exchange to supply his tenants there as they had not water enough from the present capacity of the supply; the privliege was granted provided he would do it at his own expense. He also complained of the condition of the alley between Charles Hewes and J. D. Shugert's residences on Linn St., and offered to pay half the expense if the alley was put in road order. This was repaired to the street committee.

The Clerk read a petition from about 170 signers asking the council to pass an ordinance restraining cows from running at large in streets of Bellefonte; also three petitions, one from each ward, asking that no such ordinance be passed. Then the clerk read the proposed ordinance to restrain the cows. On a vote on this question the south and west ward members voted in favor of it, but after the vote was taken Dart and Miller reconsidered their vote and voted against the ordinance leaving the vote as revised stand 8 to 1. This may seem rather weak kneed on the part of Dart and Miller but not so. These gentlemen know what they are about. They crawled over on the side of the majority so that at some future favorable opportunity they can make a motion to reconsider which they could not have done if they had allowed their vote to go on record as first given. "It is a cold day when Dart and Miller get left."

A Beaver street inhabitant presented a petition for a board walk on Ridge street from Beaver to Curtin street. Referred to street committee. Mr. Garman, in the name of the three fire companies asked that they might receive their annual appropriations. To the steamer companies $200.00 was devoted and to the Hook & Ladder Co., $50.00. The Logan company propose to buy a span of horses to haul their steamer and will have to have a stable and a tender or stable man and in view of this asked that they might have the borough hauling. It was voted to give it to them as far as expedient. The water committee have cleaned out the big spring and done some needed repairs to the boilers. The following bills were approved by council after which they adjourned:

Pay roll, hands and hauling	59.00
S. Shoe Mining Co., coal	48.00
Edison Illuminating Co., water works	1.50
" " " streets	220.50
Street pay roll for hands	75.39
Police pay roll	35.00
Edison Ill. Co., lock up, etc.,	5.70
Calvin Pifer, constable	2.25
Keystone Gazette ordinance	16.00
" " Auditors statement	14.00
Geo. L. Potter Ex. to Wm. Port	6.11
Borough Auditors statement	48.00
Issac Mitchell 1 month salary etc.	14.00

—The Eureka Grocery High street is working up to the increased demands being made upon them for goods and are getting in large consignments from the city every day. Call and see them.

A BLASTING ACCIDENT.

Last Thursday afternoon between one and two o'clock the workmen who are digging out the rock for the new addition to Harris & Co., hardware store, put off a big blast which contained about twenty five pounds of powder. The hole was first squibbed out with dynamite and then the large charge of powder put in. Within a few feet of where this work is going on is the photograph gallery of J. A. Finkbinder, a one story building about sixty feet long and thirty feet wide. When the charge of powder was put off it tore the rock up to a wonderful extent. Tons of it were lifted up as though in one mass and sent through the gallery of Mr. Finkbinder and deposited in the yard of the next house, occupied by Isaac Lose. Before the explosion the children of Mr. Lose were playing near the doomed building. Mr. Finkbinder took them away into the house. Had they remained there they would have been buried under tons of rock. One half of the building was completely demolished with everything in that end of the room. Mr. Finkbinder had, however anticipated that such an accident was possible and had removed his most valuable instruments and pictures to the front part of the building. Mr. Harris cleared the stone out of the building and set carpenters at work to repair the damage.

STATE COLLEGE BOYS DON'T LIKE LONG SERMONS.

Rev. William Laurie, of Bellefonte, often goes to State College to preach to the students. The able speaker has always a mind full of good thought to utter when he speaks and generally takes all the time he thinks best to express them, but the College boys as College boys will, thought they would give the Dr. a hint that his sermons and prayers were longer than they cared about listening to, so they prepared two alarm clocks one of which was intended to go off when in their judgment his prayer had lasted long enough, and the other at the time when his sermon had reached the proper length to suit their fancy. But as it happened that Sunday Rev. Hoshour, of the Lutheran church, went in the place of Mr. Laurie and as he is a fast talker, instead of the alarm catching him at prayer time it did not get in its work until the choir was singing the second hymn, and the second alarm also got left, for the sermon was finished and the last hymn was being sung when it set up its racket. So after all the boys rather got left on the whole business, but then they had their fun out of it, all the same, we suppose.

THE COW QUESTION.

We think the people who want the nuisance of the cows running at large in the streets abated had better confine themselves to one reform at a time. We hear some of them talking about making a law against allowing people to keep chickens and pigs within the borough limits. This is carrying the matter too far and making the proposed reform ridiculous. People are now protected by law against chickens and pigs all they need to be; if a pig pen is a nuisance it can be abated; it chickens tresspass upon your gardens you can compel the owner to confine them, or shoot or destroy them as you would any other pest. And really, we have a law, that if enforced, would compel every owner of a cow to keep the animal up, for if we allow our fences to be torn down or take them away altogether, no owner of a cow would dare to let it run, for if he would, he might have more damage to pay in one day than a dozen cows are worth. But the trouble is that the anti-cow men want a law that shall throw all the trouble and odium of prosecution upon some public officer, and have not the backbone to take advantage of the law we have and themselves become prosecutors. In a word, cowardice is at the bottom of this whole cow agitation. If every one of the one or two hundred men and women who petitioned the council to pass an ordinance to forbid cows to run at large will remove all their fences around their lawns and gardens, then prosecute the owner of every cow that tresspasses upon their premises, they will soon settle the cow question, even if they do raise a public clamour against themselves. Here is a chance for Kyle McFarlane and some others to offer themselves up as a sacrifice to this great principle, and hand down their names to posterity in unending fame as martyrs to a great and noble cause.

—We desire to call special attention to the advertisement of Edward K. Rhoads which appears in this number of the Republican, has appeared every week for the past year and will appear every week for the year to come and we hope for many years. This yard is near Pennsylvania rail road Passenger station. His Telephone call is 1312. He deals in Coal, Grain, Hay, Straw, Wood, etc., and when you want anything in his line you will find reasonable terms, good stock and fair dealing, if you go to him. He has on hand now what every farmer should have, namely, coal for burning lime. Every farmer knows the value of liming land and all can burn their own lime, and Mr. Rhoads has the coal to do it with. Give them a call.

THE BUSINESS WILL STILL GO ON

We stated last week that John Walters, who died at Milesburg, left a wife and three children. We since learn that he leaves a wife and four children, namely, W. S. Walter who lives 1½ miles north of Milesburg; Mrs. Annie Stover, of Huntingdon, Ind.; Mrs. Carrie Hikens, 1½ miles north of Milesburg, and Mary, the youngest living at home. W. S. Walters, son, is engaged in the fruit business and will take charge of his father's affairs and will carry on the grape business as usual. Having been under the tutilage of his father he is fully qualtified to do this business in as perfect a manner as it has been done in the past.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., May 4th, 1893

James Frain; J. A. Funk; John B. Miller; Miss Mary C. Mallory; Jim Pedit; Mrs. Kate Summer; Frayo Spoiko.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. Fiedler, P. M.

BAPTIST MINISTER IN CONFERENCE.

The annual Ministerial conference of the Baptist Centre Association will meet with the Milesburg Baptist church May 8th and 9th. The opening sermon will be delivered by Rev. Chas. A. Walker, of Bellewood on the evening of the 8th inst. The public is cordially invited to attend all meetings.

—The Hanover, spectator one of our old exchanges that has visited our table for over twenty years and is over 49 years old has suspended. Last week it appeared for the last time. It has been a staunch old republican sheet and it is a pity that it is forced out of the time but old papers like old men sometimes die.

—Next Tuesday morning the Bellefonte market will open for business and the market committee invite the farmers to bring the product of their farms to sell to the hungry people of Bellefonte. Farmers come on with your products and supply a ever receiving want.

Wanted—A man in Bellefonte to manage carpet cleaning with Glycerine carpet Paste. Cleans Carpet at residence for almost nothing.

Dey Carpet Cleaning Co.
Pittsburgh Pa.

Vol 24 no 18-6 t.

—There will be a chicken and waffle supper at Frank Stover's residence on High street, to-morrow (Friday) evening evening from 8 to 10 o'clock. Ice cream and cake will also be sold, the proceeds to go to the benefit of the Lutheran church of Bellefonte.

A SAFE FOR THE BELLEFONTE POST OFFICE.

Last fall burglars entered the Bellefonte post office and in attempting to get into the safe ruined it but failed to get at the contents. The post office department has ordered a new safe which will soon be here. It will weigh six thousand pounds. The inside is 44 inches high, 32 inches wide and 19 inches deep, and contains a burglar proof chest. Edward K. Rhoads, our popular coal and grain dealer, who everyone employes to move safes, has engaged Remington & Co., of Philadelphia, to take this one to the post office. This is the largest and best safe ever had at this office. The business of Bellefonte office has grown so much in past year and is constantly growing so that the department is warranted in fitting it out in shape for preserving what ever funds they may temporarily have on hand.

A PLEASANT AFFAIR.

Last Thursday evening the young people belonging to the Junior Christian Endeavor society, of Bellefonte, gave an entertainment in the Presbyterian Chapel which drew a large audience. For a week before the entertainment the young people were selling tickets and the large audience attested their success. The children were drilled for their parts by Dr. Edith Harris, Mrs. Robert Irwin and Mrs. Ursula Bayard and the perfection they had attained speaks well for the faithfulness with which these ladies did their work. Malcom Laurie had charge of the affair during the evening and announced the program. The entertainment was a great success, pleasing all who attended. The proceeds will be used for giving the children an outing at Hunter's Park sometime this summer. The amount realized from this entertainment was eleven dollars. Below we give the progarm which consisted of Music, Dialogue, Recitations, etc.: March, Juniors; recitation, Stella Gault and Minnie Reesner; music the little vacant chair, solo, Helen Crissman; recitation, "How the wind blows," Milan Walker; duet, vocal, Lizzie and Nannie Schofield; recitation, Mamie Hill; duet, vocal, Agnes and Nellie Miller; recitation Lee Walker; dialogue, Blanche Jacobs, Annie Cook, Eva Crissman and Hattie Wagner; recitation Sallie Gares; vocal duet, Minnie and Clara Case; rec. "Little Miss Briar, Milian Walker: duet, Kitty Irwin and Lizzie Schofield: rec. "Arbor Day," Willy Brouse; duet, Minnie Case and Helen Grissman; rec. "Guilty or not," Eve Crissman; solo, Helen Crissman; rec. "Grandma's letter," Bessie Brouse; dialogue Viola Robb and Sue Holter; rec. Lee Walker.

KNOWN TO OLD HUNTERS.

Alfred Kinsloe, the man from Snow Shoe this county, whose only remaining leg was amptutated at the Williamsport hospital, last Friday, survived the shock and according to the Williamsport Times is getting along quite well, though restive because of the fact that he must remain inactive so long.

He is sixty years of age, and for many years has had only one natural leg, the other one being an artificial one. It became necessary to have his one leg amputated and that was done last Friday. When seen by the Times reporter Monday he was feeling so well that he was anxious to depart. The doctors say that he must remain at the hospital twelve weeks longer, but this he says he will not do.

Alfred Kinsloe has been for many years employed at the Mountain house, Snow Shoe. Mrs. E. A. Nolan, the proprietress of the hotel, considers him a valuable attache and last week paid him a personal visit, and will see that he lacks nothing. He is a man who knows every foot of ground in the vicinity of Snow Shoe and was valuable in conducting hunting and fishing parties through that locality. He is ambitious enough to continue usefulness when hobbling about on two wooden legs. Philipsburg *Journal*.

MARRIED IN A HURRY.

J. L. Homes, Esq., Monday morning on railroad schedule time, united in marriage at Tyrone, Annie M, Dickson and J. C. DeArment, of Mill Creek, Somerset county. The proper license failed in time for Saturday evening last, and as they were scheduled to depart on Pacific west for their new prospective home in Somerset county Monday morning, it required some hustling on the part of the justice to get the bride and the groom together. Shey arrived on the Bald Eagle express, which was slightly belated, and hurried into the ticket office at the station, where the ceremony was satisfactorily and pleasantly performed in the presence of quite a crowd of spectators. The Pacific express was detained a few moments to enable the newly united ones to make connections on their trip westward.—*Philipsburg Journal.*

—Do you want to buy any kind of coal, grain, hay, wood, etc.? If you do, you will best serve your own interests by going to Edward K. Rhoads, the enterprising dealer opposite the P. R. R. passenger depot, where is to be had the very best in all grades of hard coal, pea, chestnut, stove, etc.; in bituminous he has Snow Shoe, Woodland, and all other kinds kept by any other dealer. He has also on hand a large supply of coal specially adapted for the use of farmers in burning lime. In price Mr. Rhoads sells as low as the lowest, and always gives good weight. Kindling wood is one of his specialties. He also buys and sells all kinds of grain and hay. Mr. Rhoads is a first class business man and it will pay you to deal with him.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Thomas Schnole, of Allentown, has taken out a license in Clinton county which permits him to marry Miss Amanda Tate, of Bellefonte.

Mr. Robert Shirk, one of Milesburg's most industrious young men, left for Jersey Shore, on Monday morning where he has been employed for some time.

Mrs. F. C. Richards, of Linn street, started last week on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Hill, at Philadelphia. She intends to remain away several weeks.

Ex-Governor Beaver is painting his house on corner of Alleghany and Curtin streets. The Governor has one of the finest houses in this town of palatial residence.

Rev. C. W. Wasson, wife and daughter Stella, of Hastings, passed through Bellefonte last Friday, stopping only a few hours here. They were on their way home from he funeral of Conrad Fogleman, of Lemont.

Charles Wable, a glass worker, and the champion trout fisherman of this section, caught seven trout one day last week that weighed six pounds out of spring creek between High street and the round house. Judge Furst bought them for $1.50.

Rev. J. C. Young, of the M E. Church, preached a sermon at the Forge church last Sunday evening, it being the occasion of the 104th anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as president of the United States. His sermon was delivered especially to the members of the Patriotic Order Sons of America.

Ex-Governor James A. Beaver, is to be the speaker at Howard, on Decoration day The Howard band will furnish the music and the following secret orders will participate in the parade the G. A. R. Post, Odd Fellows, Patriotic Order Sons of American Mechanics. There will be a flag raising on the school house at Jacksonville.

Last Sunday morning at half past eight o'clock Mrs. John Confer, of Milesburg, died. She had been ill for about three months. She was thirty-six years old and leaves a family of a husband and five children. She was a faithful wife, a good neighbor and an excellent mother. She will be sadly missed. The funeral took place last Wednesday morning at ten o'clock, a large gathering of friends relatives and neighbors followed the remains to their last resting place.

CONVENTION OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

The Centre county convention of School Directors met at the court house in Bellefonte, last Tuesday afternoon between the hours one and two o'clock for the purpose of electing a county superintendent of schools D. F. Fortney, of Bellefonte was chosen as president Hon. W, K. Alexander, of Millheim, clerk, and Miss Lizzie Shortlidge of Bellefonte and W. E. Irvin of Philipsburg Tellers. The folowing persons were presented to the convention as candidates C. L. Gramley, of Miles township; H. C. Rothrock of Harris and C. R. Neff of Millheim. The vote stood Gramley 101, Neff, 37, Rothrock 13, Gramleys majority 51,

—Last Saturday afternoon the Academy base ball team played a game with Milesburg at 2-30 o'clock. The game was called and David Kelley appointed unpire for Bellefonte. Nine innings were played and the game stood at the close 8 to 5 in favor of the Academy club. The Academy team was composed of Hartswick, c; Brew, 1st b; E. Hughes, c f: Houck, p and r f; Bell p and r f; J. Hughes, s s; Furst, 2nd b; Curtin, 3rd, b; Thomas and Shirk c f. The Milesburg club was composed of Spangler, 3 b; Proudfoot, 2b; Miller, l f; Shubb, c; Boggs, b; Cronmiller, r f; Johnson, s s; Essington, 1st p. Miller Umpire.

—James Pope, of Snow Shoe, has leased five hundred acres of land containing two large veins of excellent fire clay from James McKee, of Clearfield county. The land is at or near Mahaffy on the Beech Creek and Philadelphia and Erie railroad. Robert Mahaffy a leading lumberman of that place proposes to start a large fire brick works.

—"Are you going to start another grocery store" said a man to the driver of the Eureka Grocery wagon at the Depot the other day when a car load of goods came in for that store. No! was the answer, we need all these goods in the store we have. Call and see us on High street, next door to the post office.

—Rev. W. H. Blackburn, of the United Brethren church of Bellefonte, preached a sermon to the Patriotic Order Sons of Amerca last Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. It was an able proepction and pleased all who heard it.

A PASTOR RESIGNS.

Rev. William DeLancey Benton, pastor of the St. John's Episcopal church, of Bellefonte, has sent his resignation as rector of that parish to take effect after Sunday May 7., and the same has been accepted by the vestry. Mr. Benton has had a unanimous call to a parish at DuBuque, Iowa, at a salary twice as large as this society is paying. Below we give the letter of resignation sent by Mr. Benton to the vestry at its meeting of Monday evening, Apil 24, 1893.

To the Wardens and Vestryman of St. John's Church, Bellefonte Pa.

Gentleman:—

I hereby present my resignation of the office of Rector of this parish, to take effect on the 7th day of May ensuing, or at such other time soon after as may be mutually convenient.

And in so doing I cannot but express my deep appreciati on of the thorough kindness and hearty co-operation I have always received from the vestry and the parish it represents. Fervently do I pray the Great Head of the church to send a successor, better fitted in every way, to serve at the sacred altar, and to minister to you in spiritual things.

Faithfully and Sincerely yours.

Wm. D. Benton,

Bellefonte Pa., April 26, 1893.

Mr. Benton has been a faithful worker here and will be very much missed as will also his accomplished wife, who was always ready to push forward with energy every church enterprise and fill any position when dut called.

LYON & CO.

As square and honorable men as you can find to deal with are Lyon & Co., Allegheny street, Bellefonte Pa., and they have as fine a stock of dry goods, notions, clothing, ladies,' mens' and children's boots, gaiters and shoes as can be found in Centre county. As soon as you enter their store they make you feel at home. Gentlemanly and lady-like clerks are ready to show you every attention and whether you are a servant or a king or queen is all the same to the gentlemen and ladies who come prepared to do your bidding and serve you for whatever you may want out of their large and elegant stock. They have goods to suit all people and all stations in life and are as glad to sell to the humble buyer as to the man or woman in princely raiment dressed. They serve all with respect and courtesy.

Married—Weaver—Walk—At the office of D. H. Bean, in Taylor Township by D. H. Bean, J. P., Thursday, April 13, 1893, J. Westly Weaver to Miss Lizzie Walk.

Married—Newman—Ewing—At the home of the bride in Taylor Township, on Sunday, April 23, 1893, by D. H. Bean, J. P., Albert Newman to Miss Sallie Ewing.

Married—Kelley—Cowher—At the office, of D. H. Bean, in Taylor Township, by D. H. Bean, J. P., John Kelley to Miss Mertie Cowher. We are unable to give the exact date when this ceremony was performed, it being no doubt inadvertantly left out by our informant.

SENATOR MEEK FOR THE PORT.

The Philadelphia *Times* says that Senator P. Gray Meek, of Bellefonte, is a Lafayette arrival. Senator Meek's friends are especially engaged just now in urging his appointment as naval officer of this port, and they claim to have very reasonable grounds for success. The senator has not said anything on the subject for publication, but, on the contrary, has warmly endorsed the claims of Ex-Senator Harry J. McAleer.

—Dont forget the Eureka Grocery when you are in need of any goods in their line. They are receiving fresh new goods every day.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 70
Mixed wheat per bushel	68
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	50
Corn (ears)	45
Oats	35
Barley	45
Cloverseed, fair to good	8 40
do prime and extra prime	9.00
do choice	9.60
Flour, retail, per barrel	5.00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10.00
" prime timothy " "	11.00
" choice " " "	12.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	80
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	10
New Raisins, per pound	10 — 13
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	25
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	15
Hams, sugar cured	18
Shoulders	17
Breakfast Bacon	17
Country Bacon	16
Lard, leaf, per pound	16
Lard, country, per pound	12
Eggs, per dozen	15
Potatoes, per bushel	85
Dried Beef	25
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	10
Canned Tomatoes, per can	12—15
Canned Corn, per can	12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	50
Roller Flour, per sack	1 25